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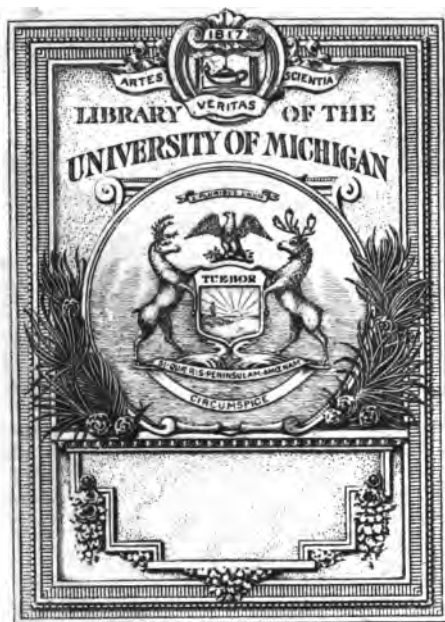
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IMMORTALITY OF MAN

FROM THE
STANDPOINT OF REASON

*anon
anil* BY *1861.*
M. D. CHATTERTON, LL. B. M. S.
AUTHOR OF CHATTERTON'S PROBATE LAW

Probate Judge Lawrence



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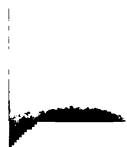
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PREFACE.

Undoubtedly, the reader of this little volume will be curious to know what prompted a lawyer, layman, to write upon the subject of Immortality. In answer to such imaginary question I will say, some time ago an aged gentleman friend of mine, of unquestionable good reputation and character, obtained from me a promise that in case I outlived him I would attend his funeral and say a few words over his body. He saying he had no settled belief as to the future, and that he did not believe in the Divine inspiration of the Bible. This circumstance, and one occurring a short time thereafter, while attending the burial service of an honored member of the Ingham County Bar, a practicing lawyer in high standing asked this question: "Judge, do you think this is the end of Fred?" This question, I believe, came from an honest heart, desiring information; well knowing that answers not founded in reason would not be accepted in either case, if they were living; so, I have examined the question, of a "Life beyond the

grave, *solely* from the standpoint of reason." No religious belief or creed, has been sought to be maintained or criticised. The sole object of the writer has been to furnish proof of a life beyond the grave, from the standpoint of reason; and from that point of view this small book is submitted to the people for their candid consideration. From an extensive examination of this subject of more than six years research, the result has found expression in this book. If any honest enquirer finds light or comfort from what is said, the author will feel as though he has been rewarded. This subject has been written about for ages, and the author does not flatter himself that he has said anything new, or is free from criticism, but has tried to collect recent thought upon this important question, which concerns every thinking and reasonable human being.

CHAPTER I.

IMMORTALITY IS AN INVISIBLE, UNENDING ENERGY.

In all the history of human intelligence the most profound and irrepressible craving is for a certainty as to our origin, progress, and destiny; the Whence, the Why, and the Whither. We find ourselves here as denizens of a dense, material world, with no outward indications of from whence we came, why we are here, or where we shall go; and the dark mystery of all that precedes and that follows human existence, has been and is a problem for philosophy to solve.

The truths most interesting to us, as human beings, are those of our past,—before our birth into this world, of our future after we leave it, and of our duty while in it. These are facts, for the answer to which the eager cry of the human race forever goes up.

What is man? Whence came he? Whither goes he? In the hands of what power is he? What are the character and designs of that

power? These questions are now directly presented to us, and are of such overwhelming magnitude that we almost wonder at the zeal and heat which other questions continue to excite.

The Sphinx that threatens to destroy the wanderer on his pilgrimage through life is the problem of man,—the problem of the human soul, its nature, its origin, and its destiny. This question, we need not hesitate to say, is the main problem of life, and the answer which one accepts to his own satisfaction, becomes necessarily the dominant factor and regulative principle of his life.

Quite a large proportion of the human race are asking: "If the immortality of man can be established from the standpoint of reason?" While we do not claim to be able to solve the riddle of an existence beyond the grave, we can make an effort to do so, that may be satisfactory to some; if found to be so, we will have accomplished our purpose. In this effort we will not attempt to criticise any one's belief; but only ask for a candid consideration of the arguments that may be presented in favor of immortality, from the standpoint of reason.

The unquestionable existence of reason, will, and consciousness compels us to acknowledge

the existence of a special world of relations of this kind; and any rational conclusion in relation to this special world will be accepted as proved in the same manner.

The laws of correct reasoning are as immutable as the law of gravity; and when properly applied, are as certain and exact in their result as a law of mathematics. They are the natural laws of the human intellect; they are inherent in its nature and constitution; and whatever is true of the law of nature is also true of the law of reason. There are some truths to which formal logic will never lead. There are truths which cannot be mathematically demonstrated. If we had to depend upon a process of reasoning to believe some things which are undoubtedly true, we never would believe them.

The question as to the kind and amount of proof necessary to establish man's immortality cannot be settled by any established rules; but, is left largely to the reason and judgment of each individual. What may satisfy one, may fall short of convincing another. The man who has eternal life now, cannot doubt but what he will have it hereafter.

If there is a future existence, it ought to be known, and capable of demonstration. If there

is a life beyond the grave, it is important for man to know it. There are facts which seem to demonstrate it, beyond a reasonable doubt. But, if it exists only in an unconscious condition, it is no thinkable existence at all; say nothing about it being of such a nature that a hope may be founded thereon. This can be satisfactorily said about it, that there is a *reasonable* foundation for such belief. If such belief exists, it is a comforting one to entertain. (It is better to have a belief in a future existence than to be without it. To believe that there will be no ray of light from the distant shore,—no hum of voices from the other side, no appearance of familiar faces that have gone on before, is a cruel and heartless belief—Jonathan Edward's description of the future condition of the damned, is as nothing when compared with it.

It would be worth the study of years to know, if it were possible, that we shall see our friends again, and shall know them, and that we shall resume the companionships that were dearer to us than life. If this could be known, the earth would never again be draped in black, the skies could never weep with rain, every wind would be an anthem, and every morning the dawn of an eternal day.

What despair is that of a mother, a brother, a son, a sister, who, seeing death strike a dear one, in accompanying its work of destruction slowly but surely, who can only say, as soon as the parting takes place, "everything is finished, irrevocably finished, forever, and we will never see each other again, we will never be reunited; silence, night, nothingness, frightful eternal nothingness;—this is where ends a strong and ardent affection, whose aspiration it was to endure forever." Such cannot be.

What pain, at the parting of friends, when the boatman comes with his phantom bark and carries them over the river. It seems as though we could not give them up. We stand on the strand and listen with hushed breath to hear the return dip of the golden oar, and catch a glimpse of the returning snowy sail; but the agnostic cuts off all hope of the returning bark, and leaves us in darkness and despair. He throws no light into the grave. He brings us no hope, but leaves us in despair.

"So, beside the Silent Sea,
We wait the muffled oar."

Materialism has never satisfied the inward desires and longings of man to live beyond the grave. These longings we find among all

racés and peoples; there always has prevailed a belief, with or without assured evidence to sustain it, that there exists in man, independently of his physical body, an intelligence, an ego, an individuality of some kind, which survives physical death.

Before the discovery of America the inhabitants of the western coast of Europe sometimes found upon their shores, branches of strange trees, fragments of curiously fashioned wood, fruits and nuts of unknown kinds were washed up by the sea after storms. These foreign and strange objects led them to believe in the existence of an unknown land, somewhere beyond the Atlantic. So, every man dwells upon the borders of an unexplored ocean. The shores of his life are strewn with branches, fruits, and fragments floated thither, from another world.

From the very beginning of written history, this strange human race of ours has been naturally and instinctively reaching out after something beyond the limits of this animal life; no record has been discovered in which there is not at least the germ of this outreaching for immortal life. There is an irrepressible and wide-reaching something in man that seems to tell him that there is a life, after the death of

his mortal clay. It seems as natural as that plants in darkness should reach after the light, or that the roots of the trees should go out everywhere in search of hidden springs of water, which are instinctively felt to be the source and secret of vegetable life. Nothing could give more dignity, beauty, and consistency to human life, than the prospect of an endless life beyond the grave.

Nature seems to teem with elements and forces to wait on man's every thought, to gratify his every desire, and to respond to his every aspiration. It is not possible to conceive of any material want of man for which no provision has been made. It is not rational to believe that when the Creator of the universe, whatever you call it, Creator, mind or law, has so carefully adjusted things, in plant, animal and man, want and supply balance each other, so that there is no natural desire which may not somewhere find its natural gratification, that when we come to the higher wants of man, the wants of his mind, his heart, his soul, the law breaks, and for this most central and essential desire, there is no provision whatever.

There is no example in nature of an organic instinct without something to gratify it. Wherever we find a fin we find water to match it;

an eye, light to match it; an ear, sound to match it; a migratory instinct, a climate to match it. And so, from the existence of ineradicable, constitutional, and irreversible instincts in normal human nature, leading us to anticipate a life beyond the veil, we infer that death does not end all.

Plant a seed in the earth, and under the fostering influence of the elements, it germinates. A root strikes downward, seeking moisture. It does not go out in quest of something that does not exist, but of something that does exist. The blade comes upward, seeking air and sunlight, and they exist. So of every creature that lives. The wants of the fish that swims, the beast that roams, and the bird that flies provision has been made. So, of the physical wants of man; he is hungry, and the earth teems with abundance; he is thirsty, and a spring bubbles at his feet; he desires companionship, and friends are all about him, to share his love and to return their own.

The body foresees and provides for its growth by appetite, the mind expands towards knowledge by childish curiosity, the young heart predicts, by the flushed cheek and quickening pulse, that gentle master-passion, love, which it has not yet learned to name. There

is a significance, like the breath of a perpetual whisper from Nature, in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man. It seems almost brutal to think that the hunger and thirst of the body should be met,—the cravings of the intellect in a measure satisfied, but the longing of the soul should be disregarded.

The supreme desire of man is for life, harmonious, immortal life. Nature provides for the complete fulfillment, at some time or place, of all the desires of man. What then of this, the supreme, the eternal, the everlasting desire,—the desire for immortality? ✓

It has been said that the dreams that a nation dreams come true; and certain it is that great moral or ethical ideas, which haunt the brains of earth's noblest sons and persist from age to age, growing in fullness, clearness, and symmetry as through successive civilizations they are handed down by the apostles of progress, are destined to be realized precisely in proportion as the mind of the people becomes awakened and the moral nature gains ascendancy over animal instincts and selfish desires. The dream of a future life is older than civilization. Far back in the dim past, where myths are mingled with facts, and history is inter-

woven with legends, the student of human life is often startled by the foresight of the poets, prophets, and philosophers, while vaguely voicing the heart-hunger and hopes of humanity, as they touch upon the great fundamental principles recognized by man as the basis of civilization, that endures. These fundamental truths came vaguely at first to the minds of the greatest prophets, philosophers, and law-givers. They were at best but partial appearances, but gleams of light, but flashes of fundamental truths, that for ages did not extend beyond tribes, or races. Later, the underlying principles of enduring progress assumed nobler proportions; and as the years rolled on, there arose from time to time great law-givers, such as Moses and Solon, who voiced the best ideals of justice among their people; but, at times there were revealed the presence of inspirational glimpses far in advance of the age. All through history this thread of gold has imbued humanity with a hope of life eternal, extending along the highway of progress, broadening and brightening as civilization moves on toward the final goal of man.

The mere existence of a desire in man to prolong his being, even if it were universal, can

afford little assurance that the desire will be fulfilled. It is sad, to think that man should perish just when he has reached his prime as a thinker, a genius, an empire builder, he must drop his plans and retire from the stage of life.

The almost universal desire to live again is evidence that we *shall* live again, and be conscious of such existence. It is impossible to conclude without the sense of an intellectual absurdity, that an order of things which has for its visible end the construction of a self-conscious personality, should terminate in the extinction of the same.

There is a common-sense argument, or reason in favor of a life beyond the grave with a personal identity maintained in perpetuity that we accept as proof, in the fact that this universal desire would not have been implanted in the heart and mind of the human race, if it is not to be true.

Has the Creator, so constituted the human mind that the strong desires,—the pleasant hopes, the earnest longings for a future life, may arise and be indulged, only that they may be extinguished in an eternal night of disappointment? How cruel it would be, thus to deal with man,—to place above and around

him such wonderful and glorious objects, and to excite in him such a thirst for knowledge, and then never give the opportunity of knowing,—but throw him down just as he begins to look and know, and enquire. It cannot be! Goodness and wisdom forbid it. These indications and yearnings of nature, point with an unerring finger, to a life which never dies,—and a career which never terminates. The objector, must maintain that life is a great cheat, if this is not so,—and that God is capable of palming off upon the human race, a great deception,—as in exciting desires which are never to be gratified,—to enkindle hopes which are never to be realized, and to excite within man immortal instincts which point to no real object, and insure no valuable end.

The whole course of ancient and modern history, the literature, the philosophy, the poetry of the world, the mental constitution of man, his aspirations, his necessities, the inequalities and the imperfections of social and individual life, the temporary injustice and failures which disfigure human progress; the authority of accumulated opinions and beliefs all converge in the proof of the central truth, that man is immortal.

The longing for immortality, which in the lowest stages of life are coarse and carnal, become purified through nobler conceptions of self, whose aspirations are more and more identified with the advancement of human progress. The root of our desire for immortality is the longing for self-preservation.

We naturally desire health, and to be healthy means to be temperate and clean; we desire for ourselves and our families, the means of living; to obtain them we must be industrious, frugal, and of good repute; we desire domestic happiness, to obtain it we must practice the domestic virtues; we desire the good-will of our fellow men, with the advantages which it brings, to obtain it, we must practice the virtues of good members of society and good citizens.

Immortality of the soul is one of the great questions of the day. The universality of this belief shows that it is here to stay; while its generality of belief is not absolute proof of the fact; yet, humanity looks forward with a *reasonable* expectation that there will be a future existence. Man cannot rest in the notion that he is ephemeral,—a mere child of a day. Men are pilgrims for eternity, with thoughts that wander through immensity of space, and affections that hunger after immortality. Human-

ity moves upon lines that have no end, and are not limited as to time. Whatever endures from age to age,—whatever will not die,—whatever resists expulsion from the feelings of the race, and maintains its sway over the human heart, gives overwhelming evidence, that it is true.

The almost universal belief in a life hereafter, affords evidence approaching demonstration of a future life. It is strange that universal man has conceived the thought,—the expectation of a life beyond the grave, if death ends all. What put that idea into the human mind; where did the untutored savage get his idea of immortality, if it is only a lie, a cheating delusion? We have an ardent desire for immortality. All men certainly want to live on. If they could have their way, death would not be the end.

From what source the almost universal expectation of another life springs, and by what influences it is nourished, we shall not find adequate answer in less than these five words: feeling, imagination, faith, reason and reflection. The doctrine of a future life for man has been created by the combined forces of instinctive desire, analogical observation, perspective authority, reason, and philosophical speculation.

Sir Edwin Arnold, says: "Man is not by any means convinced, as yet, of his immortality. All the great religions have in concert, more or less positively affirmed it to him; but no safe logic proves it, and no entirely accepted voice from some farther world proclaims it. There is a restless instinct, an unquenchable hope, a silent discontent with the very best of transitory pleasures, which perpetually disturb his scepticism or shake his resignation; but only a few, feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist."

The impossibility of proving a future event, in the operation of nature, holds equally true with the soul. It is impossible to prove that the tide will ebb and flow to-morrow, that the sun will rise and set as to-day, that the heavenly bodies will appear in their accustomed places, that the order of the physical universe will remain undisturbed, that the cosmos itself will endure through another four and twenty hours. It is impossible to prove this, because we know not what a day may bring forth. The uniformity of nature is not something we *know*, but something we have assumed. That things will continue as they are, we take for granted; and on that basis, we predict that the mornings and evenings will continue for all time. All reason-

ings conducted in advance of the fact, are of the nature of prophecy. It is precisely like the forecast of the course and duration of the storm.

Arguments presented in defense of the doctrine of a future life, are not to be taken as proof *positive*, because the future life lies outside of our personal experience. They together form a system of lines converging to a common center, and affording a high presumption of the truth of the fact toward which they point.

It is the belief of many thoughtful people,—among some of the best known and most eminent scientists—that the question of life after death is a demonstrable proposition,—that it is already fairly proven,—and only awaits the amassed, severely tested and systematized knowledge that is first and always essential to effect a universal conviction. Eminent professors, christian teachers, philosophers, scholars, and authors without number, believe that there is a continued existence of the soul after the death of the body, and that it is a demonstrable proposition from the standpoint of reason. All other problems pale into insignificance beside the almost universal craving for, and belief in a future life. Even the maintenance of this present existence, strenuously as

most men and women cling to it, is secondary in common consciousness to the awful and thus far unanswered question of Job.

To many of the keenest, brightest, and most profound thinkers, physical research has already proven that death does not end all,—that there is a conscious existence after the death of the body. The intensity of purpose, the sincerity and ability of the leaders in scientific research, are so well known that absolute reliance may be placed on their integrity and unflinching purpose to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

We do not claim to *demonstrate* immortality, } but to show a probability in favor of that belief, of sufficient strength that men of learning and judgment will adopt it as being the most rational. Absolute proof by demonstration is possible of a very small part of which is universally received as knowledge. The one thing that the world to-day needs more than it needs anything and everything else, is *knowledge* that death is not the end.

No one has ever offered positive proof that there is not life after the grave. There is a circumstance in the proof that leads us to believe in a future life. Either we wish for a future life and so expect it, or we do

not wish for it and do not expect it. It is beyond a question but what we live invisibly in the influences which we communicate to mankind, and visibly, in the persons of our posterity.

The most prominent feature in man's ego is the consciousness of a continued identity consisting of a chain of memories, which form a more or less complete record of all the main events of his life from the days of his early childhood to the present. This consciousness of our temporal existence, of our life's history, is somewhat more spiritual than the notion of our corporality, and in addition, it promises more individuality and a more differential selfhood.

We are living in an age of intellectual transition and burning unrest; we have respect for the man who doubts,—who overcomes his doubts and gathers strength.

By comparing man with the classes of beings below him, we can see in what respect he rises above them. And we can see, by this comparison, that immortality is not something to which man is to come to beyond death, but something he has already, in the constitution of his personal spirit. As a personal spirit, he can project himself out of himself, reason

and commune with himself. The self he projects out of himself is another self, but not a different one.

The question of Job, is: "If a man die, shall he live again?" That is humanity's question in the presence of death. If great interests are at stake, if the heart stored with love is threatened with everlasting loss, reason must search for the answer,—it must revive the old answers, and seek for fresh assurances in order to settle the question beyond a reasonable doubt.

In considering the possibility and probability, or certainty, of a life hereafter, we ought not to lose sight of the life heretofore. If there is a life hereafter, there must have been a life heretofore. We know nothing of the life heretofore that is definite and tangible,—only energy, impulse and dispositions inherited, of a previous life, and we care but little about it, because it is the future, and not the past which stirs our hopes and fears; it is probable that in entering the life hereafter we will be conscious of the conditions in which we lived here.

Dr. Martineau, says: "Man does not believe in immortality because he has ever proved it, but, because he is ever trying to prove it, and

cannot help believing it." Such a belief sets man striving onward in ways in which the further he goes, the more he feels that here he is only at the beginning of things. Humanity, at its highest, where it seems consciously to touch the divine, utters the same thought which speaks in the dumb instincts of human nature at its lowest,—that this life is not all,—that man is to live again.

Our aspirations have been transmitted to us from our ancestors, and nothing is cherished more dearly and impressed upon the young mind with greater seriousness than our ideals; even those who do not believe in the immortality of the soul will willingly and gladly lay down their lives for their ideals.

The recollection of a man's ideals is the highest summit of his soul-life, and this is the most individual and most characteristic feature of his personality; it is that which distinguishes him among his fellow-beings.

When we begin to talk about human life, we do not find that all that has made civilization is physical. In the death of human beings, the energies of thought, and affection, and volition are not represented in the transformation which takes place with reference to their bodies.

When a man commences thinking philosoph-

ically, upon a life after death, he begins to suspect the integrity of his own thoughts. His feelings are deeply involved in the question. He loves life, and he loves a few souls better than life. He would like to be able to believe that the goodly fellowship begun on earth are continued beyond the grave; that the inspiring pursuit of the ideal here, is permitted, under fairer conditions, in the unknown hereafter;—that the aspirations for truth and beauty and character that give dignity to the whole struggle of life is to be satisfied in the Eternal. Because he wishes it, he suspects his own judgment. The worn faces of those from whom he drew his life, the cry of his children, the voice of youth, and the whole tenderness and prophetic beauty of human existence, appeal to him with so much power, that he must decide in their favor. He longs for a voice from the superhuman world, from the great outside, unbiased, from the great Infinite Life itself. He feels that it would be an indescribable comfort, if there were some way of interrogating God, and of getting His judgment upon the case.

The ultimate decision as to whether there is a future existence or not, is not only of vital interest to each individually, but is calculated

to determine the future welfare or misery of mankind. If finally decided in the negative,—if all come to believe that there is no life beyond, if our children are brought up to believe that the only happiness they can ever enjoy is upon this earth, then the conditions of man would be hopeless, because there would cease to be adequate motive for justice, for truth, for usefulness, and no sufficient reason could be given to the poor man, to the bad man, or to the selfish man, why he should not continue to seek his own personal welfare at the cost of others.

If life is a boon, immortality must be a blessing; but, if life is a burden and a misery, immortality must become, not an object of desire and hope, but of aversion and dread.

What the nature of the future life is, no one this side of the grave knows with absolute certainty. But, since there can be no faculty without a function, the same analysis of our subjective faculties reveals the fact that we shall enter the future life well equipped for a highly intellectual and social existence.

The question of a future life is first of all that of the assertion of reason,—of reality against appearance, of truth against imagina-

tion ; and the man who sets at naught a verdict founded on appearance and holds to reason is a man who sets the spiritual order above the sensuous. With the advent of reason, as the rightful sovereign, outward relations come into view. Man recognizes himself as a part of a boundless moral order,—as a member of a home, as a citizen of a state, as belonging to his kind, and as solemnly and sublimely related to the Infinite.

Immortality is the leverage of character,—the power by which humanity is raised out of the depth of habits and vices beneath the animal ; it is the anchor of support of the soul against the flesh,—the Infinite against brutality ; it constitutes the necessary and mighty assumption of the life of mankind beyond the grave.

Man is nature's highest product,—towards him nature has been looking forward from a past indefinitely remote. Man has been and is nature's perfection ; the evolution of man, running through countless ages, in innumerable forms, at a cost of energy and suffering inconceivably great, was all the while aspiring to mankind. Man is nature's last and costliest work. The flower of his being is intelligence

and love. Can it be that this last and finest product of nature, aimed at from the beginning, and reached at a cost inconceivable, shall not be continued in growing beauty and power forever?

Man never appears to himself, as having reached the zenith of his powers; there is always a beyond, that is cut short by the termination of this life, which leads us to enquire as to what becomes of this surplus energy, unless, in some way it passes over to a future life?

One of the philosophical things that have been said, in discriminating man from the lower animals, is, that he is the one creature who is never satisfied. It is well for him that it is so, that there is always something more for which he craves. To my mind this fact most strongly hints that man is infinitely more than what he appears to be in this life,—that there is a beyond where his ambition may be gratified.

The fact that we do not attain in this life the full intellectual and moral stature which belongs to us, is a strong argument that the process will be continued in another life. We are cut off, just when we begin to be ready to do something in the world. We are like plants

in an inhospitable climate, which bear leaves and blossoms, but no fruit. Nature cannot do her work in vain. There must be some clime where we can bear our fruit.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, says: "The resurrection and continuance of our being is granted. We carry the pledge of this in our breast. We cannot say in what form or in what manner our existence will be continued; but, that man is to live hereafter cannot be doubted. That the world is for his education, is the only sane solution of life's enigma. The planting of a desire indicates that the gratification of that desire is in the constitution of the creature that feels it. The Creator keeps His word with all. What I have seen, teaches me to trust the Creator for what I have not seen."

X Reason finds a foundation for immortality in the contrast between the growth of material things and that of mind. When a tree bears leaves, flowers and fruit, it reaches the limit of its being. Its end is reached; growth can achieve nothing more. All this has its absolute contradiction in the mind. Not even of the ripest scholar, can it be said that reason has touched its limit and exhausted its capacity. Each new discovery, each new invention, does

but prophesy other achievements and nobler acquirements. To-day's goal is only the starting point of a new journey, to-morrow.

Immortality is a part of man's nature; so, it is a part of the universe, just as the sun is a part of the heavens, and a part of the solar system. It is a perpetual relation, and no words can make it more certain. As a man attains consciousness of himself, he attains consciousness of his own immortality. At first he asks proof, no more of his eternal existence, than of his present life; instinctively he believes both. This life is one link in that golden chain of immortality; the next life, another and more bright, but in the same chain. Immortality belongs essentially to the being of man. This fact of itself is one of the great proofs of immortality. This fact is written in human nature; written there so plain that the rudest nations have not failed to find, and to know it; written just as much as form is written in the universe, and extension on matter in general. It comes to our consciousness as naturally as the notions of time and space. We feel it as a desire; we feel it as a fact. What thus is in man, is written by God, who writes no lies. To suppose that this universal desire has no corresponding gratification is to represent Him

not as the father of us all, but as a deceiver. I feel the longing after immortality, as a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundation of my being, and I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of my own immortality; that I am not to die; no, never to die, though often to change. I cannot believe this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, and to deceive.

Set up what theory you will, concerning the object of man's creation, and if you exclude a life beyond the grave, man is a failure. Can that be? Man, standing at the summit, the heir of all the ages, destined to ultimate dominion over the whole earth, the master of steam and electricity, the autocrat of earth and sea, compelling the stars to yield their secrets to his spectral analysis; man, walking to and fro in the corridors of the universe, measuring and weighing the planets and telling when and where the wandering comet will reappear; man, endowed with such wonderful powers as these, and endowed, too, with a heart that can love and love forever; will such a being be blotted out? No! NEVER! God has not written the word failure on the forehead of such a person as this, and somehow or in someway man will push up

and on in a career worthy of a creature thus made in the image of the Infinite God.

If, when we are gone, nothing is left but the remains of our bodily organization, what is the use or benefit to us whether we were good or bad, whether we were a genius or a fool, whether our existence was idled away in empty pleasure; or, filled with great and noble deeds?

If man be only a pinch of dust caught by a passing wind and whirled into fantastic form for a moment, only to be scattered again aimlessly to the waste; it may be true that the power manifested in the universe, blows sun and planets and moons like soap-bubbles, only that they may swell and glitter and burst, all unmindful of the intensity of human love and hope,—of fear and despair.

All the facts of organic evolution show that the creation of man was the goal toward which all nature has tended from the beginning,—that physical life is not the final goal of man, or of his evolution. Mankind passes onward towards that goal. He is no longer the solitary pilgrim, walking in the wilderness, seeking self-illumination; but, one of a "great multitude that no man can number." Some go with heads erect, eager eyes fixed upon futurity, joyous countenances, and rapid pace; while others toil

along with downcast look and gloomy features. Some pass their fellows easily without apparent effort, while others by constant labor plod along. Up towards the front are the real leaders of humanity. There are to be seen individuals whose names are not written on the roll of earthly fame. They are the humble workers whose voices have never been heard above the shouts of the populace; whose efforts have never been recognized in contemporary print or history. They lived and died in obscurity; but, the influence of their lives is not lost. Humanity, as a whole is an army on the march. Where the vanguard is to-day, there the main body will be to-morrow.

Mankind in its great totality, is like a huge wave sweeping onward across the ocean of life. The wave in its progress lifts new particles of water and leaves the old ones behind; yet, the *wave* remains the same, in its onward career. The material particles of which humanity now consists, are left behind, they sink back into the ocean, but humanity continues to progress; it continues to live, and remains the same through all the changes which the material parts of the living substance have to undergo. Man feels himself a part of the great whole, for which he

can work and exert himself. And in so far as he represents humanity, he breathes the atmosphere of immortality.

Those believing in a future existence are divided into two classes: *First*, Those believing in a separate individual existence of the ego personality,—that each individual energy will be maintained separate and apart from all others, and capable of exerting and making itself known as a separate individuality during an endless future; *Second*, That they constitute an element of the common whole of humanity ever rising higher and higher, as a wave on the ocean, consisting of innumerable drops of water that are left behind, while the wave, as a whole passes on. Many are unable to conceive any reason why the individual conscience should be continued after death,—why it will not answer quite as well if the race, and not the individual should survive. It would be a kindlier and more reassuring belief, that no human existence passes without adding something to the total of human knowledge and goodness: that at death all the elements of the individual are resolved back into the sources from whence they were drawn by natural and traceable processes; and that each new generation will come into possession and enjoyment of more light and love, and

inherit less pain and sorrow. The prospect of an eternity of one's self would be appalling. Man does not dare to face it; nor does he presume to desire it for the good of others. This view is entertained by many, and may be the correct one.

A musical instrument is of material organization, its capacity for music is unquestionable, its beautiful strains and its tone are brought into existence by the soul of the player. The instrument may cease to exist, still the effect of the music which has been given forth while the instrument was in existence, still goes on creating, forming and moulding thoughts, feelings and actions in those who heard it. The music which was formulated by Mozart and preserved by his notes, goes on and on and will continue forever. So, every act of our lives, every word we speak, every thought we think has its unending influence in the endless chain of cause and effect that binds and governs the universe. So, the great sea of human thought and emotion has been moved by our acts, and can never be exactly what it would have been without our influence that we exert in the world,—in the effect that we produce on persons and things about us; and thus the great mass of humanity will be happy or miserable in

the future, according as our thoughts and deeds have been good or bad.

Friends and loved ones pass away, but they leave their spirits with us in the memory of what they were and in the influence they have shed around them. The little child that has not learned to lisp its mother's name dies in its budding babyhood, but it leaves behind in the mother's heart a sacred memory that will shape her destiny and purify her character. Nature has imbued in all organized beings a love of life. Were it otherwise we would make no struggle to preserve it; and out of this love of life, and instinct for its preservation, has grown the hope of immortality.

The question of immortality may be approached from the position of science. From what we are here, we may infer what to expect hereafter. In the common acceptance of the term, "science," it has to do with the sphere of sense,—with the facts of outward experience, and with the laws that may be deduced from such facts. From the conclusions of science about this world and our relations to it, we may infer what to expect beyond death.

Birth gave to each much; death may give more, by the way of subtler senses to behold colors we cannot see, to catch sounds we do not

hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed multiform state. As the babe's eyes opened from the darkness of maternal safeguard to the strong sunlight on this globe, so, may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on land;" and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he smiles contentedly to find how touch, taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery.

Science, demonstrates that the invisible and intangible forces of the universe are mightier than all we can see and handle. And it proves that all so called facts and phenomena are the outcome and product of an unseen and eternal energy, that we cannot think of, or figure as material. For all that man knows to the contrary, this earth may be surrounded, encompassed, and accompanied in its mighty sweep through space by an invisible, intangible, though intensively active world; a world beautiful in form and color, and peopled by wise and loving intelligences, akin to ourselves. On what looks like indubitable evidence, science

asks us to believe like wonderful things as these.

Reason, recognizes the fact that behind the known stands the unknown. We know that heat, light and electricity are various forms of energy; but, what that restless all-pervading energy is, we know not; nor do we know the medium through which it acts. We know that certain vibrations of an unknown medium, we call ether produce on our senses, the sensation of heat and light,—of the law of gravitation not even this much is known. Because we are unable to explain the why and wherefore of these mysterious forces, it does not justify us in denying their existence. We know that within the halls of memory hang the most gorgeous paintings of our life's history,—paintings that far surpass those of the old masters; because we cannot name the artists, or take them down from their fastenings, is no excuse for denying their existence. In an instant we can bring before our mental vision the scenes of our childhood,—the house, the garden, the orchard, the lawn, the well-sweep and the old oaken bucket that contained the cooling draught from the well,—and there, stand father and mother, as real as they did of old. This is not an imaginary picture, but one as real to us as the everlasting hills.

We know that sweet strains of music, of love, of justice, knowledge, pleasure, and the law of right and wrong exist; but because we cannot see, taste or smell them is no proof that they do not really have an existence.

There is no substantial reason for believing that the five senses man now imperfectly exercises are the only ones possible for him to employ. We know, that birds, reptiles, fish and insects possess the sense of location. Eminent scientists suggest that there may be fifty additional senses, as yet unknown to man.

"I know there are voices I do not hear,
And colors I do not see.
I know the world has numberless doors
Of which I have not the key."

The intelligent christian believes in immortality, not primarily because he thinks it true, or hopes it may be true, or sees no reason why it should not be true; but, because he feels that somehow he has reached the mind of Deity upon the question,—that he has carried his case to the Highest Court, and the verdict has been declared in his favor.

Almost every religion in the world has confidently promised even its humblest adherents that they will somehow successfully overleap

the apparently bottomless chasm of death, and be vested with immortal youth, and start out on a career of eternal life.

There is such a thing as self-identity. We recognize the truth when one speaks as follows: "I am the same person today that I was twenty years ago. Memory gives me the person of that time and the person of yesterday, and consciousness gives me the person of this moment. I recognize at once that each are one and the same." In the meantime great changes may have taken place,—circumstances, physical, educational, and spiritual. Yet, I remain essentially the same. I give unity to my own extending and heterogeneous life. I give unity to my knowledge; it is organized by me. Without this personal self there could be no knowledge, no rational consciousness, and it is probable that this permanent and independent self, surviving as it does all these changes and profiting by them in insight and character, will outlast the great change of death, and gather inconceivable strength from such changes, all along this entire line.

We call our body the same body, although the materials of which it consists are comparable to a complex whirl of its form, for new

materials are constantly pouring in, while part of the old ones pass out. So, we call our spiritual self by the same name, "I," viewing it as a unity, so long as the continuity of its existence is preserved, although our ideas do not remain the same, either in strength or in their contents.

Either man does survive death, or he does not. If he does, we ought to believe it, since not to believe it is not only to be in error, but to darken our lives with despair when they ought to be bright with hope.

A heathen philosopher spoke to the heart when he tearfully contrasted the lot of man with that of the flower of the field, which renews its growth at the return of spring; while man with all of his bravery and wisdom, once laid in his narrow bed, sleeps the sleep which knows no waking.

The promise of a future life, without the prospect of a reunion with the loved ones who have gone on before, would offer no attraction that man would not gladly exchange for annihilation.

"Between the dark and dusk there is land;
None knoweth its beginning, or its end.
Seaward is bleak, and inward doth extend
A reach of barren sand.

Faint voices of long-forgotten lore
Whisper in the infinite depths of Time
A golden age, illumining that clime,
Reigning over sea and shore.

Sometimes the wind doth seaward drive, and then
Faint echoes seem to tremble on its wing,
As of voices vaguely murmuring
In distant haunts of men."

When our finite organs drop away, and our spirits revert to their original source, and resume their unrestricted condition, will there be anything like those sweet streams of feeling which we know, and which even now our brains are sifting out from the great reservoir, for our enjoyment in this present life?

It may be admitted that our non-existence in the future is not less conceivable than our non-existence in the past. We now exist, and the question whether we shall continue, or return to nothing is one of probability and evidence, not of possible conception. That the universe might get along without us we may modestly admit, whether it intends to do so, we are feebly endeavoring to find out.

In the deepest sleep all consciousness disappears; but in light slumbers a part of the border-land of the dream-ego is exposed, so we have vague recollection of the things engaging the soul's attention. We constantly observe the

fact, that in dreams we see, hear, smell, taste, and feel, as if we had to deal with substantial objects. Our visions are as real to us in a dream as the things we perceive in the wakeful state.

The soul during sleep, trance, suspension of animation, or in a telepathic condition, exists separate and apart from the body; and, on its return it has lost none of its vitality or power. Suspension for months of the physical animation of the body does not destroy the soul; nor, does a long protracted sleep. Xenophon, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Lord Brougham, Coleridge, Henry IV, James IV, Alexander Hamilton, Napoleon, Abraham Lincoln, President Garfield, Minot J. Savage, and scores of others I might name, as believing that the soul of man is most at liberty during the hours when the body is asleep.

Memory, is the only means we have of knowing ourselves as existing,—it is by being conscious of our activity; and the only means we have of knowing that we are the beings who did exist in the past; it is the consciousness we have of remembering the past activities we either suffered or performed,—the thoughts, loves and volitions we experienced and exercised.

The human body is constantly undergoing a change in all of its parts. No person of the age of twenty has a single particle of substance in any part of his body that he had at ten. All has entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, or of animals, or of vegetable or mineral substances, exactly, as the body does after death. Yet, the mind continues one and the same; "without change or shadow of turning;" showing the existence of the soul after the gradual dissolution of the bodily frame with which it was originally connected. This fact shows that there is reasonable ground for the belief that the soul's activity may be continued, and possibly be improved, when disconnected from the body.

It is manifest, that as the mind is the result of the operations of the soul upon and through the brain, it cannot be well balanced and natural if the physical machine is out of order. As the brain loses its strength from old age, or from overwork or other physical excess or cause, the mind, memory and co-ordinate powers must become weakened. This we find to be the case, but it does not follow that the soul has lost any of its primary powers; or, that anything stamped upon it as the tablet of memory has been actually erased. Thus it seems to be

demonstrated, that man's conscious individuality may exist independently of his physical body and brains. This conscious individuality is the ego. It is everything to and of man that is not material. It is man himself. The physical shape and organism is only the body; the tenement which the real man occupies for a brief period only.

The recognition by John, James, and Peter, of the spirit companions of Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration,—is biblical evidence that the mental compass or range of the intuitive faculties, when in the sphere of the now unseen world, will be enlarged to a portion perhaps limited only by the capacity of the individual personality as now existing.

Is there a voice in our nature which distinctly tells us that death is not the end? If there is, there seems to be no reason why we should not listen to it; even though its language may be incapable of verification. But, there does seem to be a voice in every man, if he will listen to it, which tells him that his account is not closed at death. The good man, however unfortunate he may have been, and even though he may not have found integrity profitable, feels at the end of life a satisfaction in his past,—an assurance that in the general run of things, he has chosen

aright. The belief that the greatest benefactors and the greatest enemies of mankind, rest, at last undistinguished in the same grave, our moral natures most vehemently protest against. If death is to end all alike,—for the good and the bad,—for those who have been blessings and for those who have been curses to their kind,—for McKinley and Czolgosz,—then the Power which rules the universe cannot be just, in any sense of the word that we can understand.

George Elliot's sublime prayer, was :

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulse stir'd to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
This is life to come,
Which martyr'd men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow."

What is this "Choir Invisible?" Is it a mere dream of the poet, simply so much dust and ashes blown about the world? Is this spiritual presence only an effect in the life of the world? If it be so, why use the personal form? It is

a vast choir of living men and women that fills the singer's imagination ; there is a real society, and they still have beholding eyes and feeling hearts. They compose a real, a sublime, although an invisible fellowship ; and the hope of at length joining their fellowship is the noblest utterance of the longing soul for immortality.

Mathematical truths are akin to natural laws, and natural laws will ultimately be found to be applications of mathematics to special conditions. There is ethics in the multiplication table, and a reflection of divine omniscience resides in mathematics.

Outside of mathematics there is no problem in which judgment is not determined by the balance of probability. Allowance should be made for the important distinction between an assurance based on a mathematical demonstration, and the assurance based on rationally discovered probabilities. To the former belongs our knowledge of the cosmic law of gravitation ; to the latter our practical judgment in the conduct of life, even in its greatest exigencies. In these the utmost that we require is a reasonable rather than an incontrovertible assurance. We must bear in mind that the exact sciences, as well as the reasonable conduct of life, are both at the bottom based largely on faith,—

faith in the perceptive and rational faculties of the human mind. Those who seek for philosophic proof of immortality are not content with historic facts, however strong they may be. A species, a type, of life exists in the present world which reason cannot without stultifying itself pronounce destructible by the death of the body. History exhibits through the ages multitudes turning their backs on allurements of a transitory nature in preference for a good which they deem eternal. The entire record of moral progress is the record of this victorious struggle of moral nature against the most imperious demands of animal nature. The question at issue is, does this victorious energy proceed from a fond illusion, and rest on no more substantial basis than a dream. The primary instinct of life is self-preservation. We trust it amid floods that threaten to drown the body. It is equally trustworthy amid perils that threaten to pollute the conscience. Its conditional premise is that good cannot reasonably be regarded as more illusive in the one case than in the other. The self-preserving instinct of human life, that bids parting with the body for the keeping of the conscience, is equally veracious with the similar

instinct of animal life, that bids the shipwrecked mariner to throw away his bag of gold in his struggle for the shore.

As there are natural laws of gravity and chemistry, so there are natural laws of human conduct. Causation holds good in the physical as well as in the moral domain; and, as the former develops common sense, so the latter does conscience.

A trained mathematical mind can see geometrical figures, floating in space, as were seen at the time of the "Wars of the Roses," and are as real as the eternal hills; because they are true, and all truth is real. It is useless to talk about the existence of God, or the immortality of the soul, if the human intellect is by its limitations, denied the possibility of knowing anything whatever, concerning these forces.

Science, asks us to look down a vista of at least two hundred thousand years, to see our half human ancestors cradled in a jungle, with the bestial cries of the forest for a lullaby; and then to note how, with slow and painful steps, our race has struggled up a pathway wet with tears and blood to its present vantage-ground of civilization.

Comte, says: "Evolution is a continuous

progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces." Lyman Abbott, says: "I accept evolution as a history of the process of God's way of doing things." Does this doctrine of creation by evolution take God away from the world? It seems to me that it brings Him a great deal nearer.

The immortality that awaits us, is the living token or deeply set acts and thoughts which we leave to our children, to our friends, to our countrymen, or such as befalls to some more fortunate,—to the whole world. Instead of living only for ourselves, we have given ourselves up in some form or other to the common interest of progress, we survive through our example, sometimes through our works. Our virtues leave seed which brings forth, and thus our personality with the scientific conceptions of to-day; learned men cannot avoid reverting to philosophy.

Whether or not acquired traits are transmitted in the individual texture of living human creatures, we are convinced that sentiments and opinions are handed down from age to age,—that there is an inheritance through the social medium of what is done or said on the part of individuals. It is here where the

human race stands head and shoulders above the whole animal kingdom. With the additional element of thought as the endowment of man, along with the gift of language, there has been established a new medium through which the laws of evolution may work.

With the dawn of speech the child ceases to be an animal;—we cherish the time when it crosses the boundary line into distinctly human intercourse. Then begins in its mind the development of the most wonderful of all conceivable apparatus,—a subtle and intricate keyboard, that will end at the last with thirty, forty, or fifty thousand keys. This queer starling, of little bearing in its mother's arms, has an organizing something within itself, beside which the most wonderful organized orchestra one could imagine is a lump of rude clumsiness. There will come a time, when, at the merest touch upon these keys, image will follow image and emotion develop into emotion, when the whole creation, the depths of space, the minutest beauties of the microscope, cities, universes, possessions, splendors, sorrows, will leap out of darkness into the conscious being of thought; when this interwoven net of brief, small sounds from the center of the web that

will hold together in its threads the universe, the all visible and invisible, material and immaterial, real and imaginal, of a human soul.

Wherever the human race came from, as a race, there is absolutely no question but that every individual of it has passed through animal stages in reaching mankind. Man then is an animal, and has ascended from a lower animal; but, he is something immeasurably more than an animal. How and where did he get this something more? At what stage in his existence was it implanted in him, and in what way? Man is not only the supreme result of evolution thus far, but he is the final result, as there is nothing beyond him. If any one asks, how do we know, that there may not be something inconceivable to us, beyond? The answer is, we cannot *know*, but, in our attempt to unriddle the enigma of the universe we must think with our faculties and be governed by our limitations, and we cannot conceive of anything higher than man. We can imagine man infinitely improved, we can conceive him cultivated, developed, enlarged, enriched and purified; but, of anything essentially higher than man, we cannot. Nothing can be conceived of that is higher than to think, to reason, to

will, and to love. Has all been done that thinking, willing and loving can do to run this insect course, in a flitting moment of time, and then,—*end*? Is the whole process of evolution for this, and nothing more? Are we to think that this long cycle of ages has run its course, and chaos has been converted into order, and out of order the architectural splendor of the heavens and earth has been fashioned, and life been developed; first, in its lower vegetable forms, and finally out of these the highest conceivable life, the capacity to think, to feel, to will, only that thinking, feeling, willing, may continue for thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty years, and then cease;—ages for a lifetime, eternity for an instant, the whole long process of development culminating in,—nothing?

From the first nebulous days, creation had in view a man. Through all the long cycles of geology, through all the periods of prehistoric history, through all the creative days of the past, through all the later creative days, through family, through various forms of government, through justice and injustice, through war and peace, through commerce, education and religion, the law of evolution has been making men. If there is not something that lies beyond, when the body is gone,

all evolution ends in,—nothing. It is inconceivable that God should have spent all the ages in making a Gladstone, a Lincoln, a McKinley, a Jefferson, a Washington, a Shakespeare, only that He might make bodies with which to fill graves. That throughout all these ages, God has been preparing men, only to make other men such as these men were, all to fill one great cemetery at the end. According to evolution creation has always been looking forward to something higher and better,—to that “earnest expectation” of that creation which Paul mentions. Immortality is not a demonstrated fact, but a necessary anticipation. Without it all evolution would be meaningless. Evolution is, broadly speaking, the doctrine of growth applied to life; that life is a growth; that all life proceeds by natural and normal processes from lower to higher stages, from simple to more complex, and by a vital force or forces appearing from without. Evolution does not attempt to explain the origin of life. It is simply a history of the process of life. With the secret cause of life evolution has nothing to do. The doctrine of evolution is the doctrine of a perpetual growth, and therefore every word that

is spoken prepares for another and a further word.

We can say, that while there is no doubt of the evolutionary process that has been going on through countless ages that we know nothing about; yet, where it is brought home to us, we spell out an intelligible story, and we find things working along up to man as a terminal fact in the whole process. It does not seem reasonable, with ordinary common sense, to suppose that so much pains would have been taken to produce a merely ephemeral result. Just at the time when the human race was beginning to come upon the scene, when the germs of mortality were coming in with the family, when society was taking its first start, there came into the human mind—how no one can hardly say, but there did come the beginning of a groping after something that lies outside and beyond this world of sense. This groping after a spiritual world, has been going on for more than a hundred thousand years,—it has played an important part in the history of man. Nobody can imagine what mankind would have been, at the present, without it.

Evolution is not moral. There is nothing moral in the struggle for existence, or in

natural selection. An organism does not regulate its own stage of evolution; nor, does it select itself or endow itself with the strength which will enable it to triumph in the struggle for existence. It is not answerable for its own propensities. If it survive in the struggle, its survival must be that of the fittest, and therefore its justification. In the onward course of evolution, the generations of which it consists rise into existence and sink back as the wave of humanity rolls on. The generation of to-day is different from the generations of former centuries; but, humanity, is one continuous whole, throughout all of them.

Equality, has its serious difficulties, as related to a socialistic state, and the first is that it is wholly unnatural. The student of evolution knows that in nature there is no equality of endowment or destiny. From the first evidence of life, up through reptiles, fishes, birds and beasts, forms and conditions are continually changing; life, flowing onward and upward in perpetual and ever varied streams. Up and down this ladder of life the angels are ever ascending and descending; nothing is stationary, nothing is equalized. It has been so from the beginning; it is so to-day.

John Fiske, says: "That evolution as a

physical process culminated in man, and can go no further along those lines, and that thenceforth 'the cosmic force' will be expended in the perfection of the soul."

Evolution, to-day is accepted as the clue of investigations by all teachers, in all departments, in all colleges and institutions of learning. History, political economy, literature, and moral philosophy, no less than the various natural sciences, are treated from the evolutionary point of view, and according to the principles of evolutionary philosophy. Evolution, opens for us vistas of eternal progress, starlighted pathways that lead on and on in light, in truth, in joy, in peace, in service, forever and forever.

We can only partially appreciate the conflict that is going on between the old and the new philosophy, because we are in the midst of it; as the soldier in the din, storm, noise and dust of the battle can hardly tell what principles are at stake or which side is wavering and giving away. We are in the midst of a great battle. All that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is lovely, all that is hopeful, all that is human, and all that is divine, remain to become the seed of ever newer and higher growths, in the years that are to follow.

Science ever presses onward, and the human race is attaining a clearer knowledge of the operations of natural law, and a clearer vision to discern the illusions and errors of life; hence, there will gradually be laid the foundations for a firmer belief. The question of the future life is generally regarded as lying outside the range of legitimate scientific discussion. Yet, while fully admitting this, one does not necessarily admit that the subject is one with regard to which we are debarred from entertaining our opinion.

Science, found man timidly creeping along the riverbanks and the ocean shores, shaping with clumsy hands and crude flint implements a crazy "dugout" in which to venture a little way over a sea, peopled with monsters, and with all imaginable creatures threatening horrors on every hand. She built for him the steamship, and turned the widest oceans into common ferry-ways. She found him traveling a few miles a day on foot or horseback, or in some springless cart, and she built him the railway and the Pullman car. She found him sending a courier with a notched stick for a message to some other tribe, and she gave him the lightning for a postboy, and turned the world into a whispering gallery. She found

him living in little isolated and hostile groups, imagining the world beyond his narrow limits peopled with barbarians and monsters; and she gave him the printing press, whose scattered leaves alight on every breakfast table, and so gave him the sense of common interests, common wants, common sufferings, common aims, and a common brotherhood. Wherever the most careless eye rests to-day, it looks on some gift of his wondrous, omnipresent, all-conquering, all-generous science. It is man thinking,—it is one of the functional activities of humanity,—it is only a method of dealing with things,—it is organized common sense.

The world is becoming scientific, and knowledge to be accepted must be of the scientific order; that is, the proposition that man lives after death must be demonstrated in such a manner as to enforce itself, without leaving a reasonable doubt in an intelligent thinking mind.

Immortal life in the world to come, is incapable of scientific demonstration; for such a life lies in the future, and science has to do exclusively with the present and the past. It may contemplate the future, but it can test only what actually is. All that science can do, respecting immortality, is to look at life .

from the evolutionary point of view, and see what evolution would naturally lead us to anticipate in the future,—death or life. And it appears that a belief in evolution, so far from weakening faith in immortality, strengthens it, and we might almost say necessitates it. It does not demonstrate immortality, and yet, we do not see how one can be a consistent evolutionist and think that “death ends all.”

Science, has reached with practical unanimity these three conclusions: *First*, there is but one force, manifesting itself in different forms; *second*, that this force is never increased or diminished in amount,—only varied in form; and *third*, that this force, if we believe it directed to intelligent ends, is sufficient to account for all the phenomena of nature, and life; so, there is no reason to believe in any interventions from without. It affirms that there is only one force, the “Infinite and Eternal Energy”, from which all things proceed. The religion of science, is still, “a voice crying in the wilderness,” yet, it comes from the heart of mankind and cannot be suppressed.

History and science have to deal with what has been, and is,—in finding the nature and order of things; their places and relations, meanings, uses and values. The magnitude of

such a task is immeasurable. It is not strange that it has filled all the long past; it is not strange that it has grown larger with each age, and never seemed so almost bewilderingly great as in these wonderful years of the present. At each forward step the vision has expanded, the fields have grown larger, and are now seen as reaching on and out into the illimitable. Such is man amidst his mighty surroundings. Man is a self-conscious being with improvable powers, conditioned in and related to the eternal order of the rational and the good. The errors and mistakes of mankind have been about something,—not about nothing. Beyond astrology were the stars; back of alchemy were the elements and forces of nature. Traditions, legends, and myths have a meaning; they did not rise out of nothing.

Reason, has come along and corrected the errors of the senses, and in this has immeasurably enlarged the vision of the soul. Science has revealed the reign of law, and the order of the heavens. The higher natural law has taken the place of the old law that was founded on superstitions.

Everything that the mind of man can take cognizance of is the result of immutable law;

all phenomena is caused by force acting through natural principles along this plane of existence. Science moves serenely on. It makes no difference to her whether the gauge is held aloft by an Edison, a Newton, a news-boy, organist, savant, or synthetic philosopher. She has no fears, as she seeks only the truth.

Man's temporal estate is apparently capable of indefinite improvement, within the limits of mortality. Alexander, weeping because there was not another world he could conquer, advertises the immunity and illimitability of human progress. Reason is man's distinct feature,—the human soul with its rationality, its ethics, its grandeur, has become what it is, only through constant struggle, tribulations, anxieties, and by constantly toiling onward and upward in the road of progress.

The mechanism of thinking consists in combing, in separating, and recombining representative images or symbols. Man speaks because he thinks. He has learned to speak because his mind is filled with images, of which a great many similar ones naturally tend to combine. The picture gallery of the soul, called memory, is where all the things one ever saw appears. These images are not painted on material canvas, but they are painted some-

where. They live in thought,—they hang in the great halls of memory, they glow in the mind. They are visible in the darkest night. The eye that gazes on them is not a material eye. There is nothing material about the pictures,—the hall where they hang, or the beholder; but who can doubt that they as really exist, as the mountain, the hillside or the plain?

In every human brain is the tablet of memory, whose treasures are known only to the possessor, and if there is no hereafter for the human soul, all of these memories are buried in the past; but, as personal recollections survive the slumber of the night, is it not reasonably certain that the death of the body is not an eternal oblivion, but the dawn of another day?

Is memory a material record? Is the brain, like the rocks of the Yosemite Valley, written all over with inscriptions left by long caravans of thought, as they have passed year after year through its mysterious recesses? No mental development would be possible without memory, for if a man did not possess it he would be obliged to begin his conscious life afresh with each impression made upon him, and he would be incapable of any education.

Every struggle which is experienced,— every effort which is made, has a certain effect upon the form of life; it leaves a trace which somehow moulds the living substance, and in some way, however, dimly, it is recorded. All the activity of our ancestors is thus registered in the structure of our body, and thus our ideals become a great store of intellectual energy, gathered through innumerable generations. Our actions, our words and our thoughts will live after us, and it will take a certain and equivalent amount of good thoughts to counteract the evil effect of bad ones. Every bad action, word or thought retards every good one, embarrasses the future of humanity in working out superior forms of life-structures, exhibiting nobler souls and thinking grander ideas. Every thought, every sensation, every experience is in its physiological aspect a nervous commotion of a definite form, leaving a trace of this form behind, which, when again resuscitated through some irrelation to active sentiency, revives in the form of a recollection. Memory, is simply the physical aspect of the preservation of physiological forms, and there is no greater mystery in the personal recollections which constitute

consciousness of our temporal development in the shape of our life's history, than in memory. Its unity and continuity are the inevitable result of the unity of the bodily system and of the continuity of its life. Memory, is like the phonograph,—inactive—no thoughts are re-produced, unless stirred by reaction.

The existence of memory is indubitable evidence that we shall retain our personal identity in the future life, since memory and consciousness are the essential requisites to the retention of identity. What would be the value of a life beyond, if we did not there possess an active memory of the past as it existed here in the flesh? We would have no means of knowing ourselves. The higher life of reflection, of memory, of affection, of worship, of love, of the beautiful and good, of communion with truth, and with spirits of like sympathies,—that the grandest and best activities, may be carried on out of the body, we cannot for a moment doubt.

Memory is nothing but a receptacle, into which the senses have deposited such objects as they find lying around in the outside world. It has no more power to understand or turn into thought what is brought in, than a piece

of white paper has to read and interpret what is written upon it; or, the canvas to discuss the merits of the picture painted thereon; or, the kettle has to determine the nature of the compound that is put into it as a mixture. Memory is a faculty which lies at the base of all mental wealth, the talent for accumulation, the ability to command at will every item of the mind's crowded treasurehouse. Every valuable impression stamped upon a sound and capable brain, goes to build up and refine the individual.

Memory, is the storehouse of intellectual treasures, subject to the draft of the depositor; but, of no more power of themselves to assert their own individuality, than the money in the bank has to issue its own draft. It is something back of these intellectual treasures that causes the mind to select and arrange the combinations of beautiful thoughts expressed in language. A musical instrument may, under the hand of a skillful player, be capable of giving forth thousands of beautiful and harmonious sounds; but the instrument of itself, is incapable of uttering a single note. So the mind, under the control of the soul, may draw from the storehouse of memory.

"Tis memory's voice that sweetly sings
While love caresses the golden string;
And the soul responds in melodious lays
To returning songs of remembered days."

—*Tubbs.*

We cannot picture the form, color, or weight of force, of thought, of memory, of hope, of fear, of love, or of conscience; but as a fact, we *know* they exist. There are two universes,—one the great material realm, the other, the more exalted spiritual realm.

The mind of man is a marvelous phenomenon, because it possesses the quality, under the direction of the soul, of directing, of marshaling, of ruling the things of his surroundings. Man is the king of creation, the sovereign of the earth, and has become the master of destiny, through his mind. Man's thoughts are sentient images of the things and relations of the objective world. Thinking is employing and combining these sentient images, and the attempt at adjusting them in such a way as to determine an action to suit desired ends.

Everything of which the mind of man takes cognizance, is the result of immutable law; all phenomena perceivable by man is caused by

force acting through natural principles,—of an invisible force pervading nature. The powers of the mind are vast beyond comprehension. We are on the threshold of great psychical discoveries, and every one should stand with unprejudiced mind ready to receive them as soon as they burst on the world.

The human mind cannot conceive of anything that is not substantial. If it thinks of a spirit, it gives it a human form and human attributes, because it cannot conceive of a thing without form, nor, a form higher than a human quality. Its creations must be combinations of what it has knowledge of, through the senses.

Whatever is real and true the mind can know, because it is related to the real and the true. It cannot know what is unreal and untrue. It cannot know that twice two is five, because that is unreal and untrue. It cannot know that it is more rational to tell a falsehood than to tell the truth, because that is unknowable and untrue.

Although Kepler discovered the three laws that bear his name, these laws existed before him, and his peculiar merit consists in the fact that with the knowledge that had been handed down to him from the preceding ages, he was

able to find the truth and to state it in exact formulas. Nor, can the inventor construct anything that is not absolutely his own. Invention in the literal sense of the world is, that something has been found out, and the same is true of moral laws and wise sayings.

The bodily element of man, is continually passing away; but, that which constitutes his personality, remains constant. Personalities are built up of ideas and partake with them of the same immortality, which with the progress of invention and by the science of culture become more and more pronounced. What is known of the sum total of man's experiences and qualities constitute his personality, as it is recognized by others. What one remembers of these experiences constitutes his individuality as recognized by himself. Memory, enables the soul to retain its personality. The strongest desire of the human soul is to retain its distinct existence. It is instructive,—it is the extension of the instinct of self-preservation to a future life. Our personality, which is unlike any other being who has lived, or will live, has in the gift of memory and the preservation of identity under all changes of body and soul, the prophecy of a future life.

What is our life? We toil, we suffer, we

hope, we aspire, we work. Our joys are fleeting, and many of them leave behind lees of regret and disappointment. Only a few hopes are realized, only some aspirations are fulfilled, and only a part of our efforts are crowned with success. Our hopes cannot be destroyed, as mind is as indestructible at death as matter; that which thinks, feels, and wills in me will remain in existence, as do the chemical elements of which my body is composed. True philosophy forbids the thought that this identity which is seen in man's intellectual and spiritual life is ended in death. We can conceive of no waste so frightful as the destruction of a man's being; and this idea is in violation of all the laws of the universe.

What is life without hope? An aimless existence, a ship without a rudder, an island without a people, a book without a plot, a diamond without luster, and youth without happiness. We must hope for the morrow. Live without hope? Hope to be good, to be charitable, to be loved and esteemed, and to be written on the great scroll of life, by an angel's hand, as Abou Ben Adhem said: "One who loves his fellow men." The hope for a life beyond the grave is based largely upon the fact that man is so immensely superior to all ani-

mals, that there should be something better for him than death of the soul, as well as the body.

As people think, so they feel; and as they feel, so they act. The people want no thinkers to think their thought, they want to know how it happens that now this, and now that philosophy grows into prominence for awhile, and then sinks into oblivion. Philosophy is not for the learned, exclusively, but for the people and from the people.

The injunction to man, to "Know thyself," will sooner or later come with irresistible force; when all the realities of life will fade into insignificance and vanish like a cloud, and that which we term ideal will become the only reality. When that far off distant goal is reached, the unknown as well as the knowable, must be known. Every new discovery in the plane of thought, is snatched or glimpsed out of the hidden land. Our aim should be to catch some portion of that noble inspiration,—to follow high ideals, to worship the truth wherever found, regardless of creed, pulpit, or personality; and thus become worthy, in our turn, to carry the banner of enlightenment, intellectual or spiritual in the front of the procession of humanity.

The world has made greater material progress in the last half of the nineteenth century than in all the eighteen centuries previous,—we are born in the greatest age the world has yet seen, nor are opportunities less numerous or inviting to-day than in years past. Can there be such progress in material things and no advancement in thought? The unknown has unfolded its mysteries in all the avenues of thought and investigation. The mysteries of the soul have been unfolded in proportion to other advancement. Evolution does not confine itself to visible and material things of less importance than the invisible. It is unthinkable to believe that the important relations of life should remain stationary, while the really unimportant should make such rapid advancement.

The time is at hand when we must decide whether religious truth is to be sought after as other truth, and its authority, as such, to be established by the same rules we apply in other cases; or, whether it is to be received as a gift, to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be subtracted.

The spirit of all the words of the great teachers of mankind, the most beautiful, the profoundest, and sublimest of all sayings are

those spoken by the great Master of Galilee. The Sermon on the Mount is not great for the *sole* reason that it was spoken by the great Master, but, because it consists of immortal truths, which existed long before the infant child of Bethlehem was born. Somehow, in spite of ourselves we admire the standpoint of the Sermon on the Mount as an ideal, even if we do not practice it. The spirit of our time surrounds us like the atmosphere,—invisible, but not the less real. We breathe it in without knowing it. Its subtle influences can be evaded by no one, be he ever so learned or ignorant.

Man is full of hope, that he may at some time be put in possession of undisputable evidence of the reality of spirit intercourse with the living; for he longs to establish communication with the loved and lost:—"For the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." Life beyond the grave would be a delusion and a cruel mockery without the continuance of the tender household affections which make the present life worth living; to imagine the recognition of a soul by a soul apart from the material structure in which we have known it to be manifested,—apart from the look of the loved face, the tones of the loved voice, or the renewed touch of the long

vanished hand, is something quite beyond our power to reasonably conceive.

We do not claim on behalf of this hope for a continued existence that it has a demonstrable scientific basis. Hope is a fact, it exists, and no knowledge, ancient or modern, is capable of proving it to be unfounded. It is not only a rational hope, but on the supposition that the universe means anything, it is more rational than the opposite. If a man tells me he does not want a future life, I will tell him in return, that I do.

Life, is a quality or attribute of many things. There is human life, animal life and vegetable life. If the object moves of itself we call it alive,—movement from within is life. All about us, are storehouses, springs and fountains of life. Many of these living objects never grow old, springs that are never weary, fountains that are ever fresh. A chemical element never loses its specific attractions, its inherent power of movement, any more than a particle of earth loses its gravity; it may combine a hundred times, a thousand times, ten thousand times,—each time it is as readily, as powerfully, as exactly, as the first; its energy, is an unfading, undying, immortal thing. Man differs from the lower orders, because to

their instincts of plants and the half unconscious processes of the animal he adds a fuller consciousness,—he adds reason, knowledge and moral conception. The existence of life is not proof of intelligence. The fool has life and motion; the intelligence may be wrecked and the body continue to move; the exhibition of life may be the strongest proof of imbecility. Life is like steam in the boiler, it can be put to no useful purpose unless the hand of a skillful engineer is on the throttle.

Human life is a colossal enigma, without immortality. The hypothesis of a future life alone can explain man's troubles and solve his mysteries. The inequalities of society baffle all intellects. Bad men rise to eminence and power, the good are often forced to the wall. Tyrants often dwell in king's palaces and heroes starve in dungeons. Often vice wears purple and fine linen; and sometimes virtue eats crusts and wears rags.

The rivers of life take their rise in far-off, shadowy realms; they have no definite point of beginning. That one primeval source from which the many races of humanity, with their countless forms of speech and their innumerable religious faiths, have descended,—where in the seemingly endless vistas of the past can

it be found? The tape-line of logarithms may reach out and measure the latitudes and longitudes of certain stars, and may estimate that certain millions or billions of miles exist between them; but these figures fall meaningless upon our ears.

The question of the comparatively recent origin of man has been set at rest forever. How long man has been in existence has not, and never will be answered in years. To even attempt to compute the age of the earth, or any but the most recent epochs, has never entered the mind of the most sanguine of scientists. That prehistoric man existed on the North American continent, as well as in Europe, prior to the glacial period, is established by the most convincing proof. Minnesota was the field of the greatest volcanic activity in the whole of North America in the good old days, millions of years before the foot of man had touched the continent. If we are to look anywhere for the birthplace of mankind, it must be upon some now unknown submerged continent that formed a part of our land-surface thousands of millions of years ago.

In no branch of knowledge has there been more rapid advance during the past fifty years

than in that which deals with the history of so-called "primitive man," who lived in the dim and dateless past, and did not know how to write history. He passed through many intermediate stages of long duration, before he became the foremost of all beings.

We now learn as much in ten years as we formerly learned in a century. Where is this increase of knowledge going to lead us? How many generations are to come and go before this persistently questioning human mind of ours will have laid before us a complete and unconditional demonstration of the problem of existence? Can any one imagine a time, when mankind will not demand an answer to it? No recognized authority has attempted to go back of known historical records to speculate upon the mental or physical growth of prehistoric man. While we may not possess historical records dating back more than six or seven thousand years ago, we have plenty of geological evidence to show the existence of mankind millions of years longer.

Evolutionists tell us that the tendency of organic nature, from the beginning, has been toward the creation of man. All the facts of physical nature conspire to demonstrate the truth of that proposition; for, on every line of

the evolution of the lower animals upward, the trend of each successive change, in physical structure, has been toward that final goal. Driven by inexorable logic, the students of to-day are enquiring, not only into the origin and history of life, tracing it backward and downward even to the crystal, hitherto regarded as inorganic matter: but, are patiently working out the problems of the birth and growth of mind. And here are uncovered the truths that are so fraught with romantic interest, that rival the wildest imaginings of fiction, and compel the thoughtful to change many of their stand-points. .

The meaning of creation is not understood, till dust stands erect in a living man. That a great purpose was present from the beginning, directing and controlling, there can be no doubt. Man was the realization of an ideal, which gave meaning to the long periods of preparation. As the final expression of creative process, he was at once the interpretation of all that had gone on before. Considered as an embodiment of thought, man is the only creature who can interpret Nature. The ideas and principles that fill the great books were gathered from a study of nature's secrets and processes.


We live a double life; the external life which the world sees, and the internal life of hopes and fears, joys and griefs, temptations and sins, which the world sees not, and of which it knows but little. Man is dual in his character, he has an animal and a spiritual life, one temporary, the other eternal; yet, this limited and unlimited self, transitory, perishable, and finite on the one side and the infinite on the other are bound together in the same person.

Life, is but the shadow of death, and the souls of the departed are the shadows of the living. The truth is most concisely formulated in the statement; "That life comes from life only." Can man have no higher object than to live, be merry, and pass away as though he had never been?

Man's life is transient, but his thoughts and ideas are immortal; his ideas are his soul's activity; ideas, in their conception constitute the essential elements of the soul; indeed, they are the most characteristic feature of his personality. Ideas, in their originality are not extraneous or foreign to us; they are *we* ourselves; and our ideas continue according to the law of causation, for the same reason that every event which takes place continues in its effects, and every thought of ours lingers with

us as a memory. This personality will remain, in the event of death, unless it is annihilated, and of that there is no evidence.

We find evidence of a life hereafter in the circumstance that we cannot even think, annihilation. I state without hesitation, the proposition that the extinction of a being is not thinkable. If anyone does not agree with me, let him deliberately try to think himself out of existence. He may imagine his body torn to atoms, burnt to ashes, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. But, thought is not extinguished. In spite of himself, he is there in thought, looking upon the ruin. No man ever did, or can think thought out of existence. It is difficult for us to believe that what we cannot think, can ever be.



We believe in the continued existence of the soul, for the reason that science teaches and proves that nothing can be annihilated. If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, can the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation after it has paid a brief visit to this tenement of clay? Let us believe, that He who in His apparent prodigality wastes not a raindrop, a blade of grass, or the evening's sighing zephyr, but makes them all

to carry out His plans, has also given immortality to man. Science does not recognize annihilation. If eternity can be predicted of matter, it certainly can be of the soul.

One of the strongest reasons for the continued existence of man's personality is the impossibility of conceiving his own annihilation. We cannot think at all, except upon the assumption of our existence, which is a necessary premise to every act of reasoning, is a fact that we cannot obliterate.

The wealth of an intellectual life depends upon the store of memories hoarded up from which we can draw. The sensations which we receive, and which become conscious in our mind, derive all their significance from their association with former impressions; it may be weak and faded, but it is nevertheless a real image of the past.

A person who lives accursedly in this life will live accursedly in the life to come. The all important idea seems to be to live nobly and honorably the days that are ours; and to comprehend that these days are seeds determining what the future harvest will be; but, to err and sin, at some times and in some ways, is the common, universal, and inevitable lot of humanity.

Addison, says: "We must in this world gain a relish for truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of the spiritual joys and raptures which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity must be planted during the present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon as a *reward*, but as the natural effect, of an upright life."

If matter and force now exist, they must be eternal; for, if there ever was a time when they did not exist, then something has been created out of nothing; and if the time comes when they cease to exist, then will something be resolved into nothing. This proposition is so self-evident that no one can say: "It is not true." However matter or force of any kind may change its form, it is in no case destroyed. Spencer says: "That it never came into existence, nor will it ever cease to exist." There is such a thing as intellectual and moral force, as real, and no more impossible, than are light, heat and motion. With the soul force we are as well acquainted as with any of the more subtle agencies in nature. If their preexistence is assured under all possible transforma-

tions, why is not the preexistence of the soul force assured?

Who is there who dares to say that when old age is reached there is not as much laid by in that soul wrapped in its weary body as there was in the infant full of latent power? We know not where the infant's forces came from, nor where the dying man's energies go to; but, if nature teaches anything, it teaches us that forces such as these are eternal, in the same sense that matter is eternal and space endless.

According to philosophical conditions the body is treated as an essential condition to the soul's life in this world of sense; but after death, the soul is set free, and becomes purely an intellectual and non-tangible being. The death of the body may be the end of the sensorial use of the mind, but only the beginning of the intellectual use. The body is not the cause of our thinking, but merely a conditional restriction thereof; and although essential to our sensuous and animal consciousness, it may be regarded as a hindrance to our purely spiritual life. Animal life in a healthy human body is kept in existence by bread, butter, beefsteak, pork-chop, and sausage. But who would like to exist forever in this animal life? To sum

up, life is transient, but man's soul is the effulgence of a life that is eternal.

Man, is the form of his life,—the creature of his existence, and the character of his being. At the moment of his death his body ceases to be himself, and turns into remains,—a corpse, void of sentiment, stark and cold like a clod, with nothing human except a reminiscence of his ideal shape which only serves to render it more offensive to behold. The carcass is no longer the man, it is offal, it is that which has been rejected,—the waste product of life; but the essential part of man, remains. It is not as if the man had never been. The essential features of his life continue, and act as a real and indelible presence,—a formative factor of a definite description, in the general evolution of life, helping in its own way to shape the affairs of the world.

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground,
But, his *soul*, goes marching on."

The belief in a future life,—in a world unseen to mortal eyes, is not only coeval with the human race but is coextensive with it in all its subsequent stages of development. It is in short, one of the differential attributes of hu-

manity. Man is not only this, but he is the creature who expects to survive physical death.

In the process of becoming human, our progenitors arose to the consciousness of death, as something with which humanity has always and everywhere had to reckon. From the earliest and most rudimentary stages of our progress, the conception of death was not of an event which puts an end to human individuality, but of an event in which human individuality survives. It cannot fail to be significant, that the mental attitude toward death should from the first have assumed this form, that the human soul should have felt itself encompassed not only by an endless multitude of visible, tangible and audible things; but, also by an unseen world.

To our bodily senses, and to physical science, human existence *seems* to end with death; but, if there is anything in our nature which tells us, that hope and responsibility extend beyond death, why is this assurance not as much to be trusted as that of the bodily sense itself? To dislodge these ideas from our minds is impossible; just as impossible as it is to dislodge any idea that has entered through the channels of the senses; and this being so, it is surely con-

ceivable that they may not be mere illusions, but real extensions of our intelligence beyond the domain of mere bodily sense.

Heaven is a condition,—not the dream of a Utopian country, a sort of paradise in which men may live without backbones, because no backbone is needed in a heaven where the struggle for existence is abolished. Let us beware, lest such dreams make us unfit for real life here. Let us not look for ease in this world, unless it be on the eve of a life that has been full of aspirations and labor. There is no ease for those who wish to progress. Let us find satisfaction, not in the pleasures of life, but in the noble struggle for advancement and amelioration.

There is a hell,—the result of evil deeds, though it be not located underground; and there is a heaven of the blessings of uprightness and moral endeavor, though it need not be sought for beyond the skies. There is no ready made hell,—an everlasting torture-house, for any one.

Of Spiritualism little need be said. It testifies to the craving of mankind for something beyond sense,—for something to fill the blank left by the failure of faith,—the desire of renewing communion with the lost objects of

affection is universal. Christian dogma, like other systems, originated, triumphed, and decayed, according to the laws of human progress; but truth, is eternal. The creed of *reason* will prevail.

Certain things are unknowable by man, because they transcend the limits of human knowledge and understanding. That the Absolute, the Unconditional, the Infinite, is unknowable, no one can dispute. Many things which are unknown to-day and appear as unknowable, will be known in the future. The total mass of the unknowable has not been diminished, for the unknown is infinite, and the infinite divided by a finite number, can never produce a finite one. Every solved problem contains new and greater ones. The unknown facts are not unreal, they are only out of the reach of our present knowledge, but are just as real as the known facts. We reach out from the known to the unknown,—from the present to the absent, and to the future; from the sense-perceived concrete objects to the invisible; intelligible only by mental inference. Columbus sailed away from the familiar world into the vast unknown; but not every such investigator is rewarded with success in his researches; but he who follows truth for its own

sake, and is not led from his course by the illusions of life, will come to a fuller knowledge of a nobler life, and perhaps may be quoted as one of the leaders in thought. We cannot tell, that we are not like the sightless denizens in the Mammoth Cave, unconsciously living in the midst of wonders and glories beyond our ken.

Every path of human investigation ends at the edge of the invisible; hence, it is evident that the invisible world is really the important world, and that the physical world, marvelous, complicated and extensive as it is, is relatively small, and is but the stage on which are manifested the enormous powers, laws and forces of the vast region of the invisible which surrounds it. Before the point at which man entered upon his earthly career, lies an unimaginable duration of activity and darkness, then comes a few years of what is known as life, and beyond this termination stretches an eternity closed to view and regarded with uncertainty or perhaps dismay. Above and around are hints of other spheres, other planes where energies are throbbing and vitalities are thrilling and existences are multiplying; but, these are hidden and screened from ordinary

sight by that inexorable wall which bounds the faculties of sense.

All of our human knowledge might be symbolically represented by a tiny island surrounded by a limitless ocean. There are still a vast number of things not yet explained, which belong to the domain of the unknown. We are aware of but few of the innumerable audible sounds that reach our ears. Without attention, our senses are like the telegraph wires, clicking away their message when the receiving operator is absent. We are none the wiser for the information they convey. The amount of knowledge our senses may give us, depends quite as much on the degree of trained intelligent attention which we give to their messages as on the firmness and perfection of the senses themselves; but, without the existence of the senses the attention could perceive nothing. Yet, because our senses cannot grasp them,—because we cannot manipulate, weigh, and examine their substance, the school of materialists denies their existence.

If there be a life after death, all nature teaches us that if a mother is separated from her children she would naturally in spirit still hover about them. In view of the teachings

of nature on all sides, it would be rational and reasonable to believe that she does; provided, there is a future life.

Faint vibrations from across the ocean are made audible and intelligent by means of the wireless telegraph. Who can say but the faint whispers of our departed spirit friends may not in some way be communicated to us,—that we may not somehow, feel a delicate zephyr from an angel's wing, wafted from the other shore? Milton imagined and put into words his belief that millions of spiritual creatures walked the earth unseen. Science has taught, all those who have cared to find out its truth, that it is only the tiniest part of this physical universe that our senses enable us to explain. It has taught us that the mightiest of all the physical forces of the world are the invisible and intangible ones. We talk about spirit as being shadowy, ghostly, thin and unreal. Why? The things that dissolve, the things that change, the things that disperse like shadows, are what we speak of as material things,—from a scientific point of view. The things we cannot see and cannot touch, are the mighty physical forces. There is nothing in the science of the world to make it seem un-

reasonable that those we love may not be close to us, watching our lives, and able to render us service in ways we cannot comprehend.

There may be millions of spiritual creatures walking the earth,—pervading the atmosphere all around us, real, thrilling, and throbbing with life, a life more intense than any we know anything about or can dream of, and our present senses take no cognizance of them whatever. We should not imagine that a person or a thing does not exist because we cannot see, or hear, or feel that person or thing. Do we not every day converse with unseen friends, long distances away; do we not recognize their familiar voices, in homes separated far from us by rivers, woods, and mountains? These voices come out of the darkness, guided by a frail wire which science provides for a pathway. Even when the curtain of night is drawn about us the voices are heard, and we have not the shadow of a doubt as to their integrity and identity. I believe there are millions of things that are impossible, even for the “infinite.” The symbol for infinity, when it denotes the absolutely infinite is like the square root of minus one in mathematics and physics,—the well known sign for an impossibility.

Charles Lamb, an English philosopher, wrote in his diary one day, the word, "thinking," indicating the business in which he had been engaged. Thought is the exercise of energy and knowledge, and exhausts the physical powers of the body more than manual labor. If thought has the power to exhaust the human frame, it must have a law by which it operates. Whether it be by waves, as we speculate concerning heat, light, electricity, gravitation and sound, we know not; but, we do know these forces exist. A single pebble thrown into the ocean displaces every drop of water; a sound-wave started on the other side of the Atlantic may bring intelligence; a ray of light or an infinitesimal temperature of heat from a distant planet may be thousands of years in reaching us; yet, it comes. Who can say that the time will not arrive when we may not only hear our own thoughts, but listen to and see the thoughts of others? If Telepathy be true, and the law of chemical action, recently discovered, is maintained and developed, we can do it to-day. We know an unseen energy exists that was not created by a physical body. We may call this energy soul, spirit, mind, ego or I, does not change its real existence or impair its power to act. Be-

cause science at present does not define its operation is no denial of its existence.

The gallop of a horse or the leap of a frog in Manilla causes the terrestrial globe to rebound on its opposite side to the extent proportioned to the weight of these animals compared to that of our planet,—minus the corresponding leaps on the other side. Thought is a function of the brain, steam is the function of the tea-kettle, light is a function of the electric circuit; power is the function of the moving waterfall. These several material objects have the function of inwardly creating or engendering their effects, and their functions must be the same as with brain functions.

You cannot demonstrate a sum in algebra to a person who has never made a study of that branch of mathematics; and neither can you demonstrate an occult problem to a person who does not know the difference between a light and a sound vibration. The peculiarity of the average man is, that he will spend three or four years in learning a trade or profession, but when it comes to the great question of immortality, if he cannot master it in an hour's investigation he turns back to his potatoes and cabbages. Wisdom is not discerned by foolishness, nor music by deafness. Melody is one-

half in the singer's voice; the other half in a cultured ear. Beauty, is but half canvas; its complement is in the refined vision.

Eternity, is the pole-star in the heavens above, which helps us to find our bearings in this life. Our brains are the prisms, through which the thoughts of eternity are transmitted; when they cease to perform that function, the stream of consciousness which passes through it, vanishes from the natural world.

No one can conceive of a First Cause of the universe, in any way except as one possessing attributes of form, reason, and will. [There must have been a beginning,—hence there will be an end. The whole human race, the collective humanity upon the globe, as well as upon other planets, came somehow into existence, and will sometime pass out of existence.] The planetary system was born, and must surely die;—yet, between its birth and death lies eternity.

The sacred writer, says: "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void." When was this commencement? When was this "*beginning*" of creation? What was here before the beginning commenced? Where then were the atoms of which this earth is now

composed? How long was this force in operation, in moulding the "heavens and earth" into shape? The answer to these questions remain a profound mystery. Science stands mute, and can only speculate from the geological records of the earth's formation. Figures, as to the length of time, fail to give us the remotest idea as to when this "beginning" was. It was long before the earth was in a gaseous or nebulous condition. Supreme intelligence has shown itself from the start, in the formation of the plain, the hill, the mountain, the river and the sea. No chance shaking of the atoms produced this result. We might as well say that a vigorous throw of the letters of the alphabet produced the plays of Shakespeare.


Mr. Bradford, says: "The growth of the individual soul is mirrored in the progress of the race. All the struggle of individuals, the conflict of classes, the wars of the nations, have been toward the production of a nobler and purer quality of soul. There are traces of it in the enlarged sympathy and growing brotherhood of men, in the charities and philanthropies which are increasing everywhere, in the gradual disappearance of war. These things strengthen our belief in the immortality

of man and the existence of God. "The beginning" of God's creation, applies to the soul, as well as to the material universe.

As the march of the universe is eternal, so is its choric song,—a theme without beginning, or end,—a rhythm dateless and everlasting. Such is the conception which science gives us of the eternal religion of the universe. Eternity, stretches behind and before us. Ever onward is this prospect, and yet the goal is never reached; for perfection would involve a limit, and of limits there are none.

The organic world existed before the vegetable, and the vegetable world existed before the animal, and the lower animal existed before man, but man exists for nothing beyond. The very topmost round of the ladder has been reached; to know right from wrong, to do the right and eschew the wrong, to understand invisible distinctions; to perceive the invisible world, to struggle towards something higher and yet higher, and yet always to know, to resolve, to love,—this is supreme.

The great California trees, eight thousand years old, will reach their stature. All animals will come to their growth; all living things will culminate and decay. Not so with the soul. When it learns the alphabet it is just ready to



begin to learn to read; when it learns to read it is getting ready to think of the meaning of words; when it learns the existence of things it is just ready to penetrate and investigate them, and find out deeper things. This germ of immortality can grow on and on during eternity.

The characteristic of mankind is an illimitable capacity for improvement, together with an indefinite possibility of reformation, in the case of those whose existence has been a progressive growth; and herein is the essential truth in the idea of worth, as the basis of the belief in human immortality.

The existence of a Supreme Power is implied in the phrase, "laws of nature," so often used by science; for wherever there is a "law," there must be a law-giver, who is presumed to be capable of enforcing the operation of such law. While we are asleep and awake, the great law of nature continues to press onward. Mountain crumbles imperceptibly, yet surely; valley receives new sediment; river runs away; and new springs arise. A human lifetime perceives it not; a century counts but little; yet, in the course of ages all is changed. The mountain is now a valley; and where the river ran, high peaks rear skyward. Where once

great nations lived, and cities flourished, with all their arts and knowledge, civilized improvements and discoveries; now, rolls the deep blue waves of the ocean.

The immortal spark which distinguishes man from the brute creation, has been handed down from parent to child,—from generation to generation, from the great unknown past to the present, and will continue during the coming æons;—"and until, time shall be no longer." This is the elementary element of immortality contained in the human race.

Human intelligence has its distinctive characteristics,—reason, reflection, friendship, love and memory, with the methods of communicating them to others. These are peculiarities that belong to the human race, and if after their death we feel these influences, such as we recognized while in life, how can we doubt their presence and continued existence?

Personality is that which makes us what we are,—which constitutes our character and determines the greater or lesser worth, and dignity of our individuality. Personal immortality is the continuance of the human ego,—the continuance of the individual being, an ego personality,—a concrete, though a spiritual existence. It is understood to be the con-

tinuance of life. We are anxious to preserve it in that form in which we have in the course of evolution made it. Man naturally yearns for immortality; and his hope is not disappointed; for indeed he now possesses what he desires. This yearning for personal immortality; which is not only legitimate, is satisfied in the same way in which it is legitimate. The bodily life of every individual being is broken up in death; but, the personality and its significance continues forever.

The belief in immortality is not excluded from a legitimate place in human thought, because it does not admit of an absolute demonstration. It is a future event, and as such, cannot be proved. Human immortality is incapable of demonstration,—that absolute logical justification upon such a subject is impossible and inconceivable. The problem is the permanence of the human personality,—the continuance of the soul after the death of the body, in the possession of memory, reason, and a self-conscious life. This means the ultimate reasonableness or unreasonableness, of the intelligence or brutality, of the Power that is responsible for our existence. Immortality is one of the great spiritual needs of man.

We are immortal, if we form a link in the

great chain of life. It is this unbroken continuity of life, ever rising to nobler levels from the ashes of apparent death that is so beautifully typified by the Phoenix, and similar traditions.

The supreme poetic achievement of man, is his belief in his own immortality. This belief existed in the dreams of the primitive savage; man's distinction from other animals, lies in his having these theories. The survival of a conscious activity, furnishes a valid argument in favor of a future existence. The root of our desire for immortality is the desire for self-preservation. There is no more philosophical difficulty in the belief of man continuing his mental existence, than there is in the fact of his mental ego existence during his physical life being composed of immortal attributes. Nothing is strictly immortal but immortality. To live hereafter, is to continue, being ourselves.

Alger, says: "The majestic theme of immortality allures, yet, baffles us. No fleshy implement of logic or cunning tact of brain can reach the solution. That secret, lies in the tissueless realm, whereof no nerve can report beforehand. We must wait a little. Soon we shall grope and grasp no more, but grasp and


know." Emerson, dogmatically asserts, that, "man is to live hereafter," and continuing, he says; "I am a better believer, and all serious souls are better believers in immortality than we can give words for. The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions."

The conscious assurance of immortality which comes to most men as they draw near the close of mortal life is not without signification, as bearing on this question. The tenacity with which man clings to his own identity is a strong argument that he not only wants to live, but that he wants to exist in his essential selfhood. He would not, if he could, sink himself, his consciousness, his memory, his personality, into that of any other man, or even an angel.

The belief in a future life is a human instinct. The vast majority of mankind have always believed in a future existence. This belief has not come from argument, or reason, or observation; but, from an inborn instinct,—the product of accumulated acquisitions inherited from past generations. Emerson, says: "I have always thought that a belief in immortality is proof of the sanity of man's nature."

The evidence of man's immortality is not in

the earthquake, nor in the tempest, nor in the fire, but, in the still small voice. If the matter of the mind is a myth, the material body is a myth. As science is dumb upon this question, the belief in immortality must seek its premise from philosophy. Never before has the intellect of man been brought so distinctly face to face with the mystery of existence as at the present. The thought of a conscious existence in the past, and for the future, without a beginning or an end, is one which makes the mind, as it were to ache, and under which the imagination reels. To think, we have floated out in thought into a universe without a center, without a limit, without a beginning or an end, of which all we can see or imagine on a starlight night, is but a point, in which we ourselves are but living and conscious atoms. To fathom the mystery of the universe,—that is, the mystery of existence, we cannot hope. Of eternity and infinity we can form no notion; we can think of them only as time and space extended without limit,—a conception which involves a metaphysical absurdity, since of space and time we must always think as divisible into parts, while of infinity or eternity, in the past or for the future, there can be no division. The thought of an eternal existence, even of a life



of eternal happiness, if we dwell upon it, turns the brain giddy; it is a sort of mental torture to attempt to realize the idea.

“To think for aye; to breathe immortal breath;
And know no hope, nor fear, of ending death;
To see the myriad worlds that round us roll
Wax old and perish, while the steadfast soul
Stands moveless, in the sphere of thought.”

Imagine yourself over there, perfectly wise, perfectly happy, every desire, wish, and longing satisfied, and sitting down that way for a thousand years! What would you do next? It is because there is in us the possibility of an endless unfolding,—it is because there are infinite avenues of search open for the student who wants to learn,—because there is the possibility of the joy of achievement,—because, in short, this is an infinite universe, and we are finite creatures growing in the midst of the infinite, that this dream of immortality is a rational one.

A human being is often tortured by the fact that his ideal is beyond his reach, that he cannot win the love which his soul craves in response to his own, that he cannot even hope to do so. If it were not so, if the embodiment of his ideal were always attainable, and the longed for repose could be won, the ideal

would then be destroyed, the mirror broken. The light which was so beautiful beyond all things in advance of him, like the rainbow, when it is reached would disappear. Inaccessibility and unattainability are necessary elements in such an experience, but in them the soul tastes a bitterness of woe, a horror of darkness, infinite and eternal, which can be compared only to the brightness and glory and joy which the same experience makes known. In this experience, which is spiritual, though coming to one in the natural body, as in the outward world, heights are measured by depths, lights by shadows, joy by anguish, good by evil. Nothing is perceived except by contrast with its opposite, nor can we conceive how it could possibly be otherwise. This is one reason why the existence of evil is necessary in a universe that is ruled by good.

The notion of a life, of everlasting happiness, an existence without pain, without tears, without decay, and without death, is inconceivable. The very idea of a being without end, of time without transiency, of a continued satisfaction without wants, of rejoicings without fears, of smiles and laughter without tears, of inspirations without expirations, of life without death, of joy without pain, is self-

contradictory; but, even if it were not so, it would become a desert of the most desolate *ennui*, and in the unchanged sweetness of eternal bliss we should soon long for bitter experience as a relief from an intolerable monotony of celestial happiness. Will Carleton, says:

“—to appreciate heaven well,

’Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.”

We think of “eternal life” as something which begins, but does not end; the fallacy of this becomes evident, if we try to think conversely of something “eternal” which ends, though it does not begin.

The idea of a thing is eternal; but the reality is a fleeting event. The idea is perfect, it is the eternal thought of the universe, that shapes the world. What wonderful things ideas are. Every idea possesses an individuality of its own. Ideas grow and develop, they migrate from one brain into another, being transferred through word-symbols of spoken or written language. Some are powerful, others are weak, a few assume dominion over their companions. Ideas, are real living beings; each one of them possesses a special in-

dividuality of its own, and all of them are as it were, citizens of that wonderful commonwealth, called, "the soul."

Ideas, have been sold just as they came hot off the brain, unpatented, and have sometimes brought fortunes to those originating them. Bare ideas just as they come into a man's head have been sold for large sums, in hard cash. In spite of the many brilliant examples I might cite, brain throbs at a thousand dollars per throb are extremely rare, and salable ideas are not born in every brain.

Whence came this idea of immortality? From whom came all of our ideas? They result from the combination of sense and reason. The mind is an architect, and brings with it its plans. Out of the materials given in sense, according to its own plan, reason builds the world. There are in reason, ideas which have never found realization in sense; such as of God, Duty and Immortality. The present can find adequate explanation nowhere but in an endless future, and reason is satisfied only as life awakens after the sleep of death in the light of an eternal morning.

The great mariner (Columbus) left the old world behind, abandoned its barren security, put out to sea, sailed onward into a long suc-

cession of sunsets, crossed at length the unknown deep, found a new world, stored his ships with its riches, and returned with his vast prize. So, a similar feat, reason has performed. There always has been a surmise, a dream, a conviction in the human mind that there is a life beyond the grave,—that man is immortal.

Ideas, possess a kind of personality of their own. They originate by a combination of other ideas, grow more or less complex, become more and more perfected, and prove themselves immortal beings. Good advice, moral lessons, noble sentiments,—all these mental treasures constitute a part of the soul of mankind. Ideas, are not nonentities, not airy nothings, not mere sounds and empty words; they are realities, and indeed the greatest treasures in our possession. They are the stuff of which our souls have been made.

Imparting our ideas to others does not leave us any poorer, but on the contrary, the more we give the richer we become. Drawing from the well of truth does not diminish the fountain, but renders it more clear and desirable to our taste; as it is immortal, the supply can never be diminished, because we draw lavishly. Every sentence we speak to others is a part of

our souls transferred to them. In some souls our words may fall like the seed in the parable of the sower.

Spirits, in and of themselves are abstract ideas; they are born of circumstances, through the desire of feeling instincts. They constitute the minds of living beings. On assuming definite shape, in words or other thought symbols, they are transferred from one mind to other minds. There are sentences that will electrify a nation. Ideas are eternal. But men who incarnate them change. Truth is everlasting,—a principle is eternal, and immortal.

The sound of a spoken word is the body, the idea is its soul. A word without an idea, is as a "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Ideas, are the life-blood of what is known to man. Without ideas, there is no thought, and without thought, man is a brute. Our ideas are we ourselves; they form the reasoning and thinking man, and the empire of ideas is humanity. The ideal element raises man above the animal, and makes him master of the earth.

What is the meaning of words? Is it non-entity because it is not a concrete material thing? Is it a mere shadow and an illusion? Is it a ghost made of airy nothing? The sig-

nificance of language, is the most important reality in the whole universe. A sentence is spoken, it disappears like an air bubble that bursts, unless spoken into a phonograph, but the meaning of the sentence remains. The man who uttered it dies, and the man who heard it dies; but, if of importance, it may be embodied in books and live in a thousand brains as a part of the immortal spirit-life of souls.

Words possess the most formidable power, be it for good or evil; far greater than the force displayed in the explosion of dynamite or nitro-glycerine. Mind moves the masses, and who will deny that mind appears in the world to govern its affairs, to direct, and to arrange? Mind, is the ruler of the material universe.

The sacred writer, says: "The word was eternal and universal. The uncreated reason which proceeded from the Father before all time, and from which proceedeth, in time, the reason and conscience of men; is the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond. It contains the actual spirit of the author,—the real value of

a man to others,—the best portion of his life,—remains in this form for generations that follow. Not only those who write a good book, but those whose lives and actions are portrayed in it, continue to live with us. Hence, it is that books which contain vital truths, however modest their pretensions or homely their style, will be enshrined and live forever in the hearts and brains of their readers. The value of books is not determined by the printer's ink, the paper and binding which we can see; but, of the immortal truths contained therein. So it is with man, both here and hereafter. The mortal part goes back to dust, but the immortal will continue on and on as long as time lasts. So, the continuity of man's soul-life is not limited to the span of time that lies between his birth and death; it extends beyond the boundary line of individual existence, and links the fate of such person to the lives of his ancestors and contemporaries, for generations to come.

The soul of a book is its real contents. That being in whom we live and move and have our existence, publishes one edition after another, but the book itself,—the soul of the book is not lost. If the contents are valuable, it will appear in a new edition, perhaps in a more

elegant binding, but certainly revised, corrected and enlarged.

The epitaph of Benjamin Franklin, as prepared by himself, but not used, reads: "The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding) lies here food for worms. But the work shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by the author."

Printer's ink, paper, and binding do not constitute the Bible or Shakespeare. The peculiar sentiments expressed in definite words, in these books cannot be destroyed; because, they are immortal. Martin Luther, said: "You may burn my books, but they *continue to live*." The immortality of the soul is of the same kind. It is spiritual, not corporeal, it is real, and among all the realities of the world, it is the most important, the most essential, the most vital reality; and the recognition of this reality is the most permanent; just as the verses of the poet preserve their identity, throughout all time to come; even after the destruction of the original copy.

The life and soul of a great nation are often stored in the books of eminent writers. Uncle

Tom's Cabin is a history of American Slavery. Homer's Iliad is a poetic formulation of all that Greece felt,—the elements of myth, thought and passion which it contains, were all in the contemporary Greek mind. The Greeks, in committing this poem to memory, are but storing up their own thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

DEATH OF THE BODY.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou are just."
—*Tennyson.*

Death is the consummation of life. It is crossing the dark river into that country where there are neither days nor years, but,—eternity. It teaches us to distinguish between our bodily self and the soul,—between the transient and the permanent. When we are dead our remains are buried,—not we; our better part survives and will not sink into the grave. Death is the twin of birth. Birth and death are boundaries between which certain phases of the animal life of the race are limited. Death is no punishment; it is but the end of human suffering. In the grave there is neither joy nor sorrow. The dead man has ceased to be; he has become as he was before he was born. Death does not release us from time, but brings to our inward consciousness all the relations we

have outwardly gained in our earthly incarnation. Death is the inbreathing movement of respiration. Birth is the out-breathing.

There is nothing in the fact of death, to change a man's love, to change a man's character, to change a man's purpose,—aspirations or desires. Death does not turn us into angels or devils, nor make ghosts of us. It simply leaves what was found of us. By going through a door we are not changed. We were not changed by going to sleep last night and waking this morning. Neither does death touch or change us in our nature, characters, purposes, or desires. Napoleon, said: "Death is merely a sleep without dreams."

—Are we:

"Born but to view the passing Show,
Within this world, and then to go,
Grim, silent, into darkness deep,
That wraps us in a dreamless sleep?"

—*Wylie.*

Death is simply the removal of the soul, its dislodgment,—not its destruction; its emergence into the future world is as a waking out of sleep, or a passage through a dark vale, or over a river, transferring its entire self, as if transfers itself through the sleeping hours of night to the waking in the morning; or, from

one city to another, with full consciousness and unrobbed of its treasures, bringing with it the memory of the past into the glory of the future.

He who goes down into the grave is as one who goes down into a great ship to sail away to some rich and historic clime; but, an unseen pilot stands on the prow, a master hand holds the helm, millions have made the voyage, and the captain knows where the distant harbor is. In perfect peace the voyager may sing:

"For though from out over bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

—*Tennyson.*

The particles that constitute the human body came from the surrounding world; food from the soil, water from the spring, and oxygen from the air. They rush through the system, and will soon pass on again. It has been calculated that even the most stable substances of a human organism are renewed on an average in about every seven years; and that organ, which for good reasons is supposed to represent the seat of thought,—the nervous system, consists of the most unstable issues of all; being subject to a constant change, whenever

they are active. The particles that are in motion while I am now thinking, are being discarded this very moment, as waste material.

Chemistry furnishes indisputable proof that the life that ends at three-score and ten, does not end all, that we live on forever; and in each individual case, chemistry can trace the future life distinctly and indisputably.

All through its appointed three-score years and ten, the body has been dying,—from the very cradle, dying; constantly being used up, and constantly being repaired. That has been the history from year to year, until at last the repair can no longer make up for the ravages of time, because the soul has outgrown the body.

We know that material atoms exist, although we cannot discover them by any of our senses. The individual atoms constituting the material body of man are immortal, when scientifically or chemically considered,—they never were *created* and never will be destroyed. No matter when and how our bodies die, as atoms, we shall meet again. The cosmos as a whole is immortal. In the beginning atoms existed, and will always continue to exist. We cannot go back of the atom in our search; so,

it is in relation to force, we cannot go back of original energy in matter.

Botanists say, that all vegetation and all trees of the forest, actually *breathe*. By the aid of microscopic examination it has been found that the under side of each leaf consists of innumerable mouths inhaling the rising vapor, loaded with the tiniest of atoms, that go to build up the vegetable world; while the upper side of the leaf consists of similar open mouths exhaling the refuse of devaporized air and decayed matter. The little tiny rootlets reach out in every direction to draw nourishment from the earth. This is the marvelous progress of vegetable growth. Two seeds are planted in a pot of earth, both sprout and grow to maturity; one, is a grain of wheat that may sustain life, the other a deadly nightshade, that may destroy human existence. We cannot imagine a higher order of intelligence to exist than is displayed in making selections of atoms suitable to the growth of vegetation. The mystery is beyond our comprehension. Science, stands mute, with an uncovered head in the presence of the Great Chemist, who rules all things.

Man's body dies, and is chemically broken up into carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and the

earthy salts, and absorbed by the earth, the air, the trees and flowers, and joins in the eternal cycle of life and death, through all the ages that come and go. And that is all there is of it. With the problem of life, grows up a broader conception of nature and the universe,—an inspiration broader than a creed,—that is “looking through nature, up to nature’s God.”

It is related that at an early day an apple tree was planted at the head of the grave of Roger Williams; that in due course of time it bore luscious fruit, which became known throughout the length and breadth of Rhode Island, as the “Roger Williams’ Apple.” In after years a monument was erected over this grave, when it was ascertained that the roots of this tree had penetrated the coffin, and had been drawing its nourishment from the dead body of Roger Williams. These facts, started the important inquiry: “Who ate Roger Williams?”

CHAPTER III.

THE SOUL.

"We wonder and we wonder
What's ahead;
What we'll see, and how we'll see it,
When we're dead;
If it's worth the while, or worthless,
Foul or fair;
And we wonder how we'll know it,
When we're there."

—*Nesbitt.*

"The stars laugh at us from the sky
When Night is grave and still and wide
And we repeat our 'Whence?' and 'Why?'
And seek to know what they may hide.

So we muse, and wonder on,
And childishly our doubts recite;
'Is it the coming of the Dawn,
Or, the closing of the Night?'"

The question as to what is beyond the grave, has been asked again and again, by many earnest searchers for the truth, and it finds an echo in the hearts of all those who are anxious about the fate of the soul. A solution of the problem of immortality, and in what way the soul survives the body is a question, the answer to

which must be obtained from life and not death. The grave remains deaf to our question,—the dead give no reply. Is the future state of life really shaded by a veil that cannot be lifted? Science, at particular times and places seems to show that the veil of nature grows thin; so objects on the other side may be faintly discoverable; but, at such place, gleams, however finite and unsatisfactory, are from time to time vouchsafed. Glows of feelings, glimpses of insight, and streams of knowledge float into our finite world.

Immortality in a scientific sense, as defined by physics, is a conservation of energy; and of matter, when defined by chemistry. The cosmos as a whole is immortal. It is just as inconceivable that any of the atoms of our brains or the energies of our spirit should vanish out of the world, as that any other particle of matter or energy could do so. At our death these disappear only as the individual form in which the nerve-substance was fashioned, and the personal soul which represents the work performed by this energy. The complete chemical combinations of that nervous mass pass over into other combinations by decomposition, and the energy produced by them is transformed into other forms of matter. These

atoms were never created and will never be destroyed.

The visible, tangible, ponderable, and constantly moving universe is composed of invisible, imponderable, and inert atoms. The intangible, invisible atom, scarcely conceivable to our mind accustomed to superficial judgments, constitutes the only true matter. Atoms are indestructible. The energy which moves atoms and governs the universe is indestructible. The human soul is indestructible. What we call the faculties of the soul are intelligence, reason, and conscience.

Every thinking being bears within himself the conscious, but uncertain belief of his own immortality. This is so, because he constitutes one of the microscopic wheels of an unknown and invisible mechanism. We feel assured that we are living for a cause which is worth all our sufferings, for we do not believe that we shall "Sink like rain-drops in the sea." Our souls will continue to exist in the souls of generations to come; they will be potent and indestructible factors in the evolution of the future. The souls of our ancestors are not in their graves, but continue in posterity. The experiences of all the preceding lives have been impressed into the race, and so far as they are

fitted to survive, they continue with us as a living part of mankind, as it is to-day.

The existence of a soul is a question of fact and our conception of it, decidedly affects our moral conduct. In common comprehension, the word "soul" conveys the idea of a disembodied spirit, having consciousness and immortality. Specifically, it is regarded as ourselves, as individuals, in spirit form, existing forever.

The immortality of the soul has been argued from the assent of all nations as to its truth. Though men have differed respecting the nature, and enjoyments of a world to come, it cannot be disputed but that the grand idea of the soul's immortality has, with a few exceptions, been universally received.

The question as to what comes after death, is natural and almost inevitable to the rational mind. It has spread through all nations and all ages. But, as history shows, it is a subject that will not down. It is a question of fact, on which no man can testify, because no man has been on the other side, and returned to tell. The question assumes that we shall survive after death, for to non-existence there can be neither state or condition. Proofs of the immortality of the soul, is in its ceaseless yearning after the infinite and the eternal, if

the soul were mortal and material it would find satisfaction in the things of this world. It would be as contented as the beasts of the field, or the fowls of the air.

There are luminous hours in our lives when the soul yearns to emancipate itself from the limitations under which it exists, and rise to a higher manhood. We sometimes have visions of men who have risen to heights that we aspire to reach; who seem to live on the mountain top of life, and enjoy a greater and broader view of human affairs. They are men of unusual wisdom and profound reason, who stand on the vantage ground of truth; broad-gauged men, full of sympathy and love for humanity, whole-souled men who can smile benignly and speak graciously, yet wisely; philanthropists, lovers of mankind, who temper justice with mercy and judgment with charity. Sometimes the soul chafes against its barriers. Sometimes the world seems like a tiny garret on a hot August night, and that the heart would smother unless it finds breathing-room in a larger world. As the child's restlessness stimulates exercise, growth and maturity, so the aspirations of the soul are preparations for an immortal destiny.

Proof of the conservation of energy is far

less complete than that of matter; because, energy is a conception that does not belong to the material world alone. Life, is the one of the most important of all the forms of energy, as we cannot transform that force back into life. Life comes, we know not from whence, and it vanishes and we know not whither; it is connected with a living and moving system vaster than that we know. To grasp all of its manifestations, we would have to follow it into an unseen world. Yet, scientific faith leads us to believe that there is an unlimited continuity for the future of the force which we discern for a moment, that is subject to a universal natural law.

The soul is energy and knowledge, it does not consist of material substance. It is a significant form of life, and constitutes the essential and determinative feature of our being. The essential man is an invisible quality, which never comes within the range of sense, cognition, or observation; and is detected by sense only, as it comes to a manifestation in some visible form of activity,—the man himself always remaining invisible. The soul recognizes and regards itself as having the form, features and members of the physical body, and it has the power to project itself into the form

of a body, in order to exist at all; or, to know itself.

The investigations of scientists have confirmed, rather than diminished, the hitherto almost universal belief in the existence of a soul. Reason and common sense, attest by the universal belief of the honest people of every country, clime, and state of civilization, the fact that a soul exists. No one has ever been able to explain the life and growth of the human body on any other hypothesis than that it contains the soul. The theory that the soul existed as a conscience entity before it entered the present human body, is not confirmed by either proof or reason. The analogies which all true science recognize as circumstantial proof, point to the soul as a constructive power within the body, and consequently as co-existent with the body itself, and is always capable, under favorable conditions, of developing a body containing a conscious spiritual individual. This consciousness begins when the physical body is somewhat mature, but the germ of the constructive soul, develops along the lines of inherited energy, which is of itself the element of immortality coming down along the lines of our ancestors. This elementary element is the basis upon which all

functions are developed. It is the immortal spark of humanity,—the forecast of God becoming manifest in the flesh. This spark of immortality possesses the intuitive aid of all its past generations, to give it certainty and power to do its most amazing work; and the most wonderful thing about it is, the growth of this ego consciousness, and in it we find the evidence of an immortal purpose to grow on forever, in the accumulation of wisdom, during an endless eternity.

The soul is the life, the animating and sustaining power of the body, and at the same time its servant. At birth it has the essence of the spirit of Deity, but is without knowledge. It develops with the body, receiving its impressions and obtaining its knowledge mainly through the physical senses. It is at all times the individuality, the ego, the I; the body and brain being only the machine through which it works. Although the soul is individualized and shaped by the physical mold, it is not dependent upon the body for its existence or its manifestations. Nevertheless, so long as it remains in the body, it is subject to physical consciousness, and recognizes that consciousness as the individuality of itself. A clear illustration of the manifestations of the soul

through the physical senses may be furnished by electro-magnetism. We know that electricity, is a manifestation of energy and force. The electrical current passing over a wire, manifests itself only when it meets with resistance. Unrestricted it is passive. Restricted, it can move mountains. So, it is with the soul, placed in the human body and forced to act upon and through the physical machine, it becomes active and restless, strives with the material forces of nature with the power of its primary energy.

Rude beliefs about the soul or the spirit-land, —about another life, have been from the earliest time, that the spirit or soul departs, to claim a dwelling place elsewhere, while the body is cold and still in death. The body is treated as an essential condition to the soul's life in this material world. The death of the body may be the end of the sensory use of the mind; the body is not the cause of our thinking, but merely a conditional restraint thereof, and though essential to our animal consciousness, it may be regarded as a hindrance to our spiritual life. The engine is necessary for the use of steam, so the body is necessary for a sensual knowledge of the existence of the soul. the engine is not the power, any more than the body is the soul, but only the proof of its

existence. The soul is inherited energy, plus knowledge.

Energy, which may show itself as heat, motion, or electricity, is the same energy, that transfers itself, when found in the human body, into thought, will and emotion; yet it is not like heat, motion and electricity; but heat, motion and electricity are not very much like each other. If they can be reduced to a common unity, why should not the forms of consciousness share the same fate? All of these considerations rest upon the proposition that matter can exist independent of spirit; for, if this were not so, it would be absurd to explain away the separate reality of spirit, making it one of the forms which the activity of matter takes.

The soul can project itself instantly to distant points and there exercise independent perception. Natural things are no bar to its flight, or perception. It can read the past and contemplate the future; showing that it is not subject to the limitations of time; yet, while bound to the body, it can measure time with accuracy. The soul, is man! All else is dust, which the wind scattereth. The soul is the spirit individualized by evolution and unfoldment, with the potency of immortality. The body is but the mold in which the real man is cast. The body

is a section of human consciousness, that fluctuates greatly during life, and as an inconstant part of the personality, it may pass utterly away, and still leave the personality itself in full vigor and open to new and superior opportunities. Science can show nothing more than concurrence of activity on the part of the body and soul.

John Stuart Mill, says: "The relation of thought to a material brain is no metaphysical necessity; but, simply a constant co-existence within the limits of observation. And when analyzed, the brain, just as much as the mental function, is like matter itself, merely a set of human sensations either actual or inferred. Experience furnishes us with no example of any series of states of consciousness without this group of contingent sensations attached to it; but, it is easy to imagine such a series of states without, as with this accompaniment, and we know of no reason in the nature of things against the possibility of its being disjoined."

During the Middle Ages, three theories concerning the soul were hotly debated among the Schoolmen. Some held that the soul was pre-existent, and entered the body at the time of birth; or, at some unknown time preceding it. Others, held that a soul was created outright

every time a new child was born. Others, held that the soul was derived from the parents in precisely the same way that the body was. These three theories have been hotly debated among the theologians of the past.

The soul of man is a simple,—it is an ultimate and indivisible unity. The nature of the human soul is such, that it cannot be divided, broken up, or dissolved. We see it maintains its identity through the storms and mutilations of a lifetime. All things change about it. The very body that constitutes its temporary abiding place is torn down and rebuilt many times in the course of a long life. It advances in knowledge and experience; grows larger and richer in hope and love; but, all of its accumulations of thought and increasing wealth of life are stored in the same self-conscious, self-determining, personal soul. In the evening of life the old man sits in the midst of his grandchildren and recounts the scenes of his boyhood days. All the waves of time, contained within the sweep of threescore years and ten, have left their labels of drift and storm on the shores of his life; but, they have not worn, wasted, or altered his immortal soul.

Man does not grow old, but the house he lives in grows old. Gladstone was not old.

Had he been put into a new body,—what a magnificent statesman he would have been. Henry Ward Beecher was not old. Bring him back and put him in a body forty years old,—how his eloquence would again stir the heart of the nation. *Men* do not grow old; it is the body which grows old, unable to fulfill its function as the servant of the soul.

Kant, Goethe, Fontelle and W. E. Gladstone were over eighty when they wrote their best books. Michael Angelo and Titian were ninety when they painted their finest pictures. Izaak Walton wielded a ready pen at ninety. Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life. Pope Leo XIII, at the age of ninety-three retained his mental faculties unimpaired.

Our powers of reflection are independent of sensation. The loss of sight and hearing cuts one off from the world of vision and sound; but, does not interrupt thought. Death, from a physical standpoint, destroys the power to think; but, there is no reason to believe that death acts in any way but a sleep or a swoon. This makes it possible that soul life continues through death and beyond. That which exists must be presumed to continue, unless you can bring decisive proof that it is interrupted.

Thought may continue to exist without a material brain; the relation of the two being no metaphysical necessity, but simply a constant co-existence within the limits of observation. The soul of man is his conscious individuality, his ego, his self, from it proceed his thoughts, his desires, his affections, his emotions, everything that distinguishes and differentiates from inanimate matter.

Our soul has a long history, which neither began with birth, nor ends with death. We existed wherever the ideas of which we consist were thought, and will exist whenever they are thought again; for it is not only ourself, but mainly it is our ideas. Our true self is of a spiritual nature. Our ideas and motives are the quintessence of our being; they are our veriest self,—our soul.

Our judgment of ourselves and of each other, as well as all human justice, is founded upon the conviction that there is inherent in each soul power enough to set its face in the right direction,—to turn the algebraic sum of its impulses, be that sum great or small, in the right way. And the effort, soon becomes a habit that will help and give increasing velocity and momentum to the soul's progress, and increase its strength to do the right. As each new soul

grows, gains in strength, and understanding, and puts forth its varied activities in life, it engages in a warfare.

The unseen forces and powers of the soul may be compared to heat, cold, light, darkness, gravitation, and all other attributes of matter which aid or resist the powers of the body and physical senses. The soul can perceive them, but only through its temporary connection with the body, it is not known to be subject to or affected by them. The soul is the conscious individuality of man, his ego, it is himself. Through physical birth, it becomes subject to physical consciousness and perception.

What is the law of a human soul? It is a substance, whose faculty it is to think, to feel, and to will. It is a peculiarity of the soul that it is a growing something, that begins in almost nothing, and grows and unfolds its powers according to the law of expansion. The existence of the soul as the ego man, independent of the body, and the continuity of life, are realities which pass into the future life with just the knowledge and characters possessed when it leaves this physical life. A child here is a child over there, when it first passes over, with all of its love of play and pranks. An honest man on this side, has honest desires

on the other; while a wicked man finds himself in darkness and despair when he crosses over. Love, charity, honesty, and other virtues, exercised while in the flesh, entitle the soul to a higher order of society on the other side of the river, than though it did not possess such qualities here.

The subject of personal identity after death is an eternal and mighty question; its solution, is the hinge on which hangs the whole of human life. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it; and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great one now. It is a doctrine too general to rest on any man's experience, but our own. It must be proved, if at all, from our own activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their destiny.

Taking things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it; so does distance, absence and sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give much more in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we cannot now see, to catch sounds we do not hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized so-

ciety and a governed, multiformed state. Where does Nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty or seventy elements?

We educate our children, to increase their soul power. All the truths they accumulate during life are so many immortalities; each one of itself being immortal, the sum total constituting the ego, the I, the soul, is immortal. A truth, no matter what it is about, always existed and will never cease to exist; hence the soul as an embodiment of immortal truths will continue forever.

Truths collected along life's journey, added to inherited energy, constitute the soul, or ego of each individual existence. The particular individuality of each, depends upon the collection made. Scientific truths produce the scholar, moral truths the good citizen, evil truths the dishonest man, and so on, according to the collection each has made. Mathematical, scientific and religious truths existed long before the Pyramids were built, and long before the God of the universe spoke it into existence. Because these truths may be unknown to us, is no proof of their non-existence. Love, hate, and revenge we know exist, although not demonstrable by any of our senses; yet, there

never was a time when their existence was doubted, and we don't expect there ever will be such a time, because they are immortal attributes, that change not. This foundation of character must remain through all the future as the fundamental nature of each soul. Its influence can never escape or be discarded; its qualities may be modified by education, by circumstances, and by effort.

We know that we exist, not from hope and faith, but from positive evidence, and if we have the same or like convincing evidence, that those we call dead, live, how can we logically deny the continuity of life, or the certainty of a continuance beyond the grave?

The main fact of man's physical activity is the continuity of his soul; for this is the ultimate basis for the identity of a man's personality, through all the changes of his development. The continuance and identity of each soul are conditions which beget the feeling of responsibility, and thus force upon man the necessity of moral conduct. It will make him judicious in whatever he undertakes, and will serve as a mariner's compass to guide him on his journey over the stormy ocean of life.

Truth, is real and objective, and is discovered by all honest and competent seekers

after it. But those who willfully refuse or neglect the truth, are at the mercy of their individual prejudices and caprices, and are lost in an endless maze of error.

Our souls are partly inherited from our ancestors, partly planted in us by education, partly by imitation, partly formed under the impressions of our own individual experiences, and partly worked out through reflection. Thought, is the inter-action that takes place among the elements of the soul, that enables us to make new thought combinations out of the stock of ideas that we have in our mind. Thought renders the anticipation of future facts possible.

The soul is not that which feels, thinks and acts, but the feeling itself, the thinking itself and the acting itself. The soul is a complex organism, consisting of many ingredients and different parts with varied functions. It is a compound, but being an organization it does not lack unity. We are the continuation of the soul-life under whose parentage and general care we have taken our start, and represent the sum total of the endeavors of our ancestry since time immemorial, when at the dawn of creation the first speck of human matter began its venturesome career.

Comparative anatomy and ontogeny show us how the wonderful structure of the human soul, has in the course of millions of years been gradually built up from the brains of higher and lower vertebrates. Comparative psychology teaches us how, hand in hand therewith, the soul itself, as a function of the brain, has been developed.

From the feeblest manifestations of what scientific search calls instincts of insect and animal life, to the highest reasoning faculty of man, there has been a constant and increasing gradation of advancing intellectual capacity, and none can say when or where, in the process of evolution, the individual personality fitted for a future life began; or, when or where the immortal ego was born. Nor, is this knowledge necessary to man's belief in his own immortality.

Animals have advantages over man in many respects; but man alone possesses reason, conscience, and a rational moral will. In this intelligent and moral nature he transcends them all, and by virtue of this intellectual and moral nature he has taken possession of the globe. He is master of the world in which he has been placed. In other words, he sees that

the "Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed," is an intellectual energy which has thought something out; a purposeful energy which has been seeking the happiness and welfare of others. It is man who has taken possession of the world; it is man who understands it; it is man who is using it; it is man who comprehends its laws, who masters its forces, who avails himself of its riches, who dominates all the other creatures upon it.

No one can put his finger at any given point in the history of the past, and say: "Here began that something which is not matter." And through the millions of ages yet to come the process of growth will go on and on, until mankind, freed from the burdens of the flesh and the bonds of ignorance, will have become spiritualized and perfect. But long ere then, may we realize the beautiful allegory of that which: "Sleeps in the stone, dreams in the plant, and awakes in man." It is the struggle of the human soul, in its endeavor to realize the Infinite.

Man's soul does not consist of matter; nor, is it a substance like matter. Conceptions, that materialize are the materialists views of the soul. It is not matter which makes us what

we are, it is not substance, but form; the formation of a man's life does not commence with his birth, nor does it end with his death.

All the life the body has is derived from the soul. It lives, moves and is urged on by the invisible life. If the soul is capable of animating the body and giving it life, it may live independent of the body. If the soul is capable of weaving for itself this visible garment, it may weave another garment when it lays this worn-out body down.

The human soul consists in part of man's feelings and thoughts, his fears and hopes, his wishes and his ideals. It remains after the death of the body as great and noble, as precious and holy, as it ever was. This wonderful organism of innumerable ideas, of sentiments, language, wishes, desires, aspirations, and ideals that is supposed to reside within man's brain, is the highest and greatest phenomenon of nature.

Conscience is an instinct, and is the product of experience. It is partially inherited, partially transmitted to us by example and education, and partially acquired by personal experience. Heredity is simply, preservation; it is the law that the same, so long as it remains the same, will, in reproducing itself continue to be

the same. It is a transference not only of bodily, but spiritual peculiarities; the soul is preserved, not only by heredity, but by education. It will always remain the broad basis of any and all soul transference; for heredity transmits the dispositions, without which any amount of instruction would be as hopeless as an attempt to teach a dog to read and write.

Conscience is our moral experience, which has grown automatic and instructive; and a moralist who desires to investigate the truth of a moral rule or the reliability of the inner voice of conscience will have to follow the methods of the naturalist; he will have to fall back upon experience.

Tendencies and dispositions of forming ideas, may, by heredity, become firmly implanted in the minds of thinking beings. We have hereditary prejudices, religious as well as political, social, and otherwise. Talents, proclivities, and instincts of all kinds are to a certain extent inherited. Such gifts of nature, as common sense, reason and judgment are largely innate, and are perpetuated with the race.

For three thousand years the Caucasian race has continued, under all circumstances, and in every variety of situations, to exhibit the same traits of character and the same in-

domitable prowess. No calamities, however great, no desolating wars, no destructive pestilence, no wasting famine, no night of darkness, however universal and gloomy, has ever been able to keep them long in degradation or barbarism. There is not a barbarous people to be found in the whole race, and there has not been one for a thousand years.

Our corporeal existence with its organs and main dispositions have been inherited, and those which are the deepest and the most basic foundation of our personality which becomes illumed by self-consciousness is the product of factors which antedate our existence; it is a combination and reproduction of the composite type of all of our ancestors, resulting in a new mixture, which escapes all our means of determination. Every man starts life as a reproduction of his ancestry. He acquires the quintessence of their souls through education and their start in life to work out their ideals which he has made his own. These inherited tendencies and dispositions provide a suitable soil into which immortal seed-thoughts are planted. If we come into the world with our capabilities all cut and dried, one generation would be very much like another. No one denies that the physical constitution of which our corporeal

ego is the psychical exponent, is an ancient heirloom that has come down to us from our ancestors.

The preservation of soul-life after the death of the individual is not an assumption, nor a probability, but a scientific truth which can be proved by the surest facts of experience. If soul-life were not preserved, evolution would be impossible. Evolution is possible only because the souls of our ancestors continue to live in us. Through a long process of evolution we have come to be what we are. Our surroundings have impressed themselves upon our individuality and have moulded our ideas, and the motives that prompt us to act.

When we look around upon the families of our acquaintances we will observe that family characteristics and resemblances prevail, not only in respect to stature, form, expression of countenances, and other outward and bodily tokens, but also in regard to the constitutional temperaments and capacities of the soul. Sometimes we find a group in which high intellectual powers and great energy of action have prevailed for many successive generations, and in all the branches into which the original stock divides; in other cases, the hereditary tendency to gentleness and humbleness of character,

with a full development of all the feelings and sensibilities of the soul prevails. Others exhibit congenital tendencies to great physical strength and hardihood, and to powers of muscular exertion and endurance. These differences, notwithstanding all the exceptions and irregularities concealed within them, are obviously, where they exist, deeply seated and permanent. They depend very slightly upon any mere external causes. They have, on the contrary, their foundation in some hidden principles connected with the origin of life, and with the mode of its transmission from parent to offspring, which the researches of philosophers have never yet been able to explain.

We live in our children, we live in our words, we live in our works, we live wherever we leave a trace of our being. And the spirit which animates our words, our works, and all other traces of our being, is not merely the result of our life, or the influence of our soul, but is our soul itself. It is a self-evident truth, that man in a certain sense, lives in his own posterity,—that the thinking and reasoning man is inherited and inborn, and thus transmitted from generation to generation. When continuous lives cultivate a single propensity, it becomes so highly developed that we sometimes think

we can *remember* events that occurred before we were born. This idea has been so universally known, as to become axiomatic, that the thorough education of the child, should begin with the child's great-grandfather.

The human infant possesses the aptitude of language as an inherited and inalienable disposition, and if physical shortcomings deprive it of all means of learning a language, it naturally develops a system of signs for the purpose of communicating its wants to its fellow-men. It is the *disposition* which is inherited, not the language itself.

Every individual takes up the torch of life and hands it over to the following generation, thereby preserving the special type of its own form of soul. The higher our views of our own affairs, which regards the span of our life under the aspect of the immortalized after-life, will be characteristic of our better self, and our action done under the weight of this thought is one which, very likely, we would never regret.

The soul of every individual is the representation of the peculiar character inherited from his ancestors to which he has added his acquired knowledge and education received from his parents, teachers and from other

sources. During his life, he adds his own experience, good or bad, and when he dies his soul with others floats on in the great stream of immortality. The soul of man is the result of the total development of his organized substance from its first beginning, and through all its phases of transformation. We have inherited not only the blessings of former generations, but their very being, their souls; we, are their continuance. A great and good man does not cease to exist at his physical death. He continues in the minds and the deeds of his friends, as well as in the thoughts and activity of the nation.

Intuition, in man is an inherited faculty, the same as instinct in the lower animals, and is credited as nature born in the animal and transmitted; but, intuition does much more than this. Its possession enables a person to perceive without study or reason, facts which are incident to and are not fixed in nature. It is distinctly a soul attribute; but its operation is only comprehended when intuitive perceptions are brought to the comprehension of physical consciousness.

Induction, is a slow and laborious method of reaching the knowledge of Nature's laws

which intuition grasps by immediate apprehension.

To-day scientists are interpreting anew the instincts in animals and men. Instincts are nature's prophecies foretelling coming events. We must reckon with this faculty in man, looking forward to immortality. In vain we ransack all nature for a single instance in which nature's instincts have deceived the instinct of an animal or a bird. Why does nature use such great skill in guiding beasts, but becomes only a blunderer in guiding man?

Birds, bees, and beavers have been in the world for thousands of years, and yet, the first bird, bee, or beaver created had as much sense as the last. A single bee has as much sense as all the bees in the world put together. Among all the lower animals, each individual inherits the sense of the species.

If we were without eyes and ears, there would be other channels of learning,—other methods of acquainting ourselves with the realities of existence than those supplied by seeing, hearing, touching, tasting and smelling.

Man can see that in the deadly struggle for existence which has raged throughout countless æons of time, the whole creation has been

groaning and travailing together in order to bring forth that last consummate specimen of God's handiwork,—the human soul. The most wonderful point in the history of creation, was at the moment of the first faint dawning of consciousness,—the foreshadowing of the true life of the soul. Whence came the soul, we no more know than we know whence came the universe. The primal origin of consciousness is hidden in the depths of bygone eternity.

Man is an incompleated being,—his soul is never perfect. It is our sense of the infinity of the world that gives us hope. When we see that it is really a question of whether the universe is big enough to give satisfaction to our souls, then every sense of what is generous and vast in nature seems to encourage us on.

Man is the only being possessing a soul; and whether it is in the spinal column or the brain, the surgeon's knife cannot determine. The secret of the location of the human soul is still a secret. Certainly the brain itself is not the soul; it is (probably) the machine through which the soul acts. Every thought of ours, once thought and buried in the past of former years, is in a certain sense, gone forever; but in another sense, remains an ever present reality, and our soul is a grand structure consisting of

the immortalized crystallization of the sentiments, ideas, and acts done in the past years; dating back to the beginning of soul-life upon earth. Nothing is lost in this world, least of all a human soul. Death is not annihilation of our thoughts, of our soul, of our spiritual existence, or of ourselves. We continue after death as the memory of the useful knowledge we have learned in the days of our youth; it remaining as a living presence with us throughout life.

Byron says:

"They never fail who die in a just cause.

The block may soak their gore, their heads may sodden in the sun,

But still, their spirit walks abroad."

The immortality of the soul must be conceded, when we consider that our thoughts and aspirations are our soul, and that they constitute our personality, we readily see, that we shall continue beyond the grave. Our thoughts will be thought again. The example we set will be imitated, and our life will remain a factor in the evolution of mankind. Every act of ours remains with us during our life as a living presence, shaping our fate for good or evil. When our bodies have returned to dust, we shall remain active realities in the spirit

life of our race;—we are and will remain citizens of that invisible kingdom which is not beyond the clouds, but with us.

“Born to immortality; this earth clad soul
Partakes the eternal nature of its God;
Will live when æons have unrolled the scroll
Of time, when, laid beneath the parent sod,
Mortality hath claimed the mortal clay;
And Death, whose final voice we all obey,
Hath borne the spirit through the darkened door
That leads from finite to infinity,
To usher it, undying evermore,
Into the presence of Eternity.”

—*Harper.*

In order to know what is to become of us, we must ask ourselves, what has become of our ancestors? Their bodies have crumbled to dust and nothing is left of them, except, their life-forms which have been transmitted to later generations, and have finally assisted in building up our own personality. All that proves good is treasured up and preserved in the continued life of the race. Their bodies are gone, but their souls remain.

In regard to spiritual and moral truths, the world is passing into a dawning day. The light is ever brightening, but the night is close behind, and we are not out of its shadow. When the time is ripe for the world to receive

new truth, that truth will seem to be in the atmosphere, and the thinking world will be on the alert for it, though it may be that just before, such thought would not have been entertained by any one, and if it had been offered to the world, it would have been dismissed without a hearing.

Our existence after death will not be a dissolution into the All, where all individual features of our spiritual existence are destroyed. It will be a continuance of our individual spirituality,—a continuance of our thoughts and our ideals. As sure as the law of cause and effect is true, so sure is the continuance of soul-life after the death of the individual, according to the law of preservation of form. Form, is not a nonentity, but is a most important feature of reality. The immortality of man's soul is constituted by a preservation of its form, and we can definitely trace how the form of man's soul is preserved, not only in his own life but also in the development of the race. As the bible says: "God became manifest in the flesh;" and, "in the *beginning* the word was God."

The life of the soul is its power to think, and feel, and will; the soul is energy and knowledge. The soul is invisible and impalpable. It grows by increase of thought; it loves

or hates, rejoices or sorrows. The body and soul have nothing in common,—they dwell together, and serve each other.

There is an intimate relation existing between the soul and the body, each reacts upon the other; to come into the full realization that the soul is the highest inheritance from God,—that it is in fact a part of Deity itself; we should realize that every thought of ours passes into an influence of some kind on the body, and the most important activity of ours is the power to think.

The soul consists in part of impulses, dispositions, and ideas. Inherited habits constitute dispositions or propensities which awake to activity on the slightest provocation. They form the foundation of the various functions of conscious soul-life. Impulses are tendencies to act, naturally called forth in irritable substances by all kinds of *stimuli*. Habits are acquired by the frequent repetition of impulses. Impulses grown strong by inveterate habits are called passions. It is doubtful if there lives a man of adult age who has not at some time felt an impulse to form an action, or to refrain from doing something contemplated; for which impulse he cannot account. If such a person exists, he must be one who has no friend on the

other side, who is willing to act as his guardian,—from whom these impulses come.

Our soul is our feeling, our thinking, and our willing. There is no soul-being, no substance or material entity, which does the feeling, thinking and willing for us. The soul does not create force out of nothing; nor, does it give birth to energy; its potency consists in directing and marshaling energies that exist, and this faculty of direction makes soul the master.

The real man is just as invisible as God. We can see where he lives. We can tell when he is at home by the mysterious reflection on the window. We cannot see the essential self, but we do not doubt his existence.

The highest element of the soul, is reason; and Aristotle, says: "That the reason of man is immortal, and there is no reason to show that the death of the body involves the death of the soul."

Man is the only ship freighted with such vast wealth that has been sent out upon the ocean of existence at such lavish expenditure that it should be stranded upon the nearest reef, and its splended cargo sunk in an infinite abyss. It is unthinkable to entertain the belief, that the high aspirations of the soul are nothing

but blasting mockeries, which is true, if immortality is not to be the satisfaction.

If the soul continues to exist, as an individuality, it must have some recognized functions. It is not thinkable that it should exist as pure nothingness,—that when the vessel is broken, its contents are spilled to evaporate into hazy clouds. As the soul exists with us, we know it was power, push and vitality; and why should not these immortal attributes continue? It is a cruel thought to believe: "That death ends all."

Mankind believes there is sufficient proof that an impalpable, invisible something is left after death which is able to affect living matter in this world. That something, possessing memory and a sympathy with the living. If this be true now, it must have been true for the countless centuries during which man has been substantially what he is now.

The conscious individual existence of the soul after the death of the body is demonstrated by its attributes and powers exhibited while in the body. It follows as a logical conclusion that the immortal conscience and separate existence of the soul after the death of the body is an actuality.

All civilized people have felt and realized,

in a more or less definite way, that there is in man what appears to be a distinct entity which is capable of sustaining an existence independently of the body. When the brain is asleep, and all the objective senses or faculties are in complete abeyance, the supernormal or subjective faculties are capable of intense activity.

The soul is a simple, incapable of decomposition, or as the consciousness of the ego, that which calls itself "I," is susceptible of no division. The spiritual person is an indestructible unit. Spirit is life. Spirit cannot die. If it could die, that for spirit would be annihilation, which, even in inferior matter cannot take place.

Every soul is a unit which possesses a character of its own. The unity of a man's spiritual being, his soul, is just as much a product of nature as any other event or thing in the world. We are built up of many souls, and our souls in turn will be used for building up other souls. Every one of us is quite definite and different from others, and the peculiarities which are particularly our own, are naturally very important to us.

The sum total of immortal truths gathered by each of us, along life's pathway, go to build up the I, the ego, the soul, the immortal part of

man. I can compare this collection to nothing better, than a Kaleidoscope, into which we put our individual collection. A shake produces a picture beautiful to behold; or, too horrible for inspection, depending upon the collection. If our collections have been good, our lives have been and will be good; if bad, life has been and will be a failure. The bad of our collection may be eliminated, to a certain extent, so that a degree of perfection may be attained in this life.

This something we call spirit, ego, soul, I, if it exists at all, cannot become nothing; as something really existing we cannot imagine by any process of reasoning, to become nothing. Spirit is incapable of division or decomposition; it is the conscious ego, which calls itself "I," attesting its presence as a unit. Some of its functions are will, perception, memory, love, emotion, judgment, and reason. The inference is fair, that these functions derive their existence from a common source,—the ego, or soul of man. The substance of the ego during life is as great as its existence immediately after death. No one can doubt its existence during life, although we may not be able to discover it by means of our senses. What is this ego, this personality which says "*I?*" It is not an

empty idea which in itself is meaningless. "I," it is I, it is myself who desires existence. My individuality concerns me, and not an existence which first of all is to prove to me that it is me.

Who is this unseen performer who so skillfully touches the delicate keys of this physical system? Oh! that we might be introduced to him,—that we might see his face, feel his grip and hear his voice.

Why should this *I* of the personal conscience direct all? However illusory this idea of the *I* may seem, upon close analysis, it is *there*; as an idea it is insistent, unmistakable; why should it end, seeing that nothing else that we know ends, but that everything, on the contrary, persists and endures? When nothing else passes away, can it be possible that the soul is destined to die without hope of being restored?

The fact of an individual ego existing, during the physical lifetime of the body is a step in the direction of the proof that such existence will continue. The suspension of the functions of the ego man do not work a dissolution of its attributes; but, when restored it is a unit, without losing any of its former parts.

As soon as we learn to understand the nature of the soul,—that our words and actions are the essence of our being, we will see that not

merely the effect of our soul continues, but that it is our soul itself. It is not the eye that sees, but the seer in the eye; it is not the nose that smells, but the smeller in the nose; it is not the thought that thinks; but the thinker in the thoughts. Who is this seer, this smeller, this thinker? It is self, it is something which says "*I*," the ego.

If the dead sleep in oblivion, and all around the future hangs the dark and dismal clouds of gloomy annihilation, and man rises no more to higher scenes, what real attractions are there in all that the earth calls good or great? What advantage then hath a man over the brute, or the insect, which flutters for the day in the sunbeams, and is no more? What real dignity, wealth, or beauty, attaches to his being?

The soul is immortal, because it consists of undying truths,—facts that always existed, although once unknown to us. The existence and force of these immortal truths is proof of the existence and immortality of the soul. The intelligence of man, the ego, the man himself, is spirit,—not matter. Intelligences may exist apart from a natural body; and as man himself is an intelligence, he may exist apart from his body. The soul possesses all the mental powers necessary for the retention of its personality,

and for the maintenance of an existence independent of the body.

That which is really permanent in an individual is his soul. The language of a man is the expression of a common life; in the same way as all mental structures are traces of a common activity. Man's soul is the mental intercourse of mankind incorporated in an individual organism, and while the individual organizer will die, the soul continues to live. There is no death in the sense of extermination. All our ancestors live in us, their souls are with us, and will remain with us to the end of time; and thus we shall live forever, though our bodies die.

Man is, and ever must be, the final result of all he has been, felt, done, or thought. He is an incomprehensible bundle of possibilities,—susceptibilities at first,—his soul is a something capable of unlimited education, yet, possessing qualities that go to constitute character; or, it could not be educated. Education, develops the latent powers of man.

It is the law of life that the new being, body and soul, grow up much like its ancestors before it. It is also a law, abundantly proved, that the new being is influenced physically and spiritually by the surroundings, conditions, and

emotions of the mother. These laws give rise to the hereditary and congenital characteristics which are the start in life of each new soul.

Man is neither matter nor energy; but a peculiar form of matter and energy. His soul has been impressed upon by the moulding influences of the uniformities of nature and the laws of form. Man is not the dust of which his body consists, nor the life that pulses in his heart, but the image which has been stamped thereupon.

Experience leaves a certain added knowledge to the accumulations of instinct and heredity; the balance is carried over from the last life's page to the next. The soul does not mount up by certain and regular steps to perfection. It is an interminable, weary, winding devious road, up hill and down, across desert and prairie, past wilderness and civilization, over mountain and plain, through light and darkness. The river of life in its meanderings down through the dim centuries gives us here and there faint glimpses of the yearning of the human soul towards the Infinite.

Man's soul is the radiance of a light that is eternal. The conditions of every individual,—the past that made him what he is, and determined his being, existed before him; and the

result of his life becomes ever after his death an indelible presence in the history of mankind. Every personality is of unique individuality; it is of a particular kind, different from the rest. It is the product of innumerable definite factors, and it produces certain results which are rich and multiform in proportion as each special soul is and has been active during its existence.

Every soul is and will remain forever a citizen of that invisible empire of spiritual existence which is always coming, and drawing near at hand, and always developing and growing. This empire of spiritual life is not a phantom but an actuality. If anything is real, *it* is real. Spiritual facts are not less real than rocks and trees. Immortality is a truth, as much as is the existence of a man's soul. Immortality is here in this actual world of ours; it is real and not illusionary; it is a fact and not a dream,—it is an undeniable truth.

The essential part of man, is his spiritual life, his soul; so, that when a man dies he continues to live in the spirit, and the spirit life of a man when abiding in many other minds may be more efficient than was his life in the flesh.

The power of a man, his genius and ability,

is not mainly of his own winning; it depends largely on his hereditary endowments and the circumstances of his life. The worth of his soul depends upon the moral stamina of his character, and the nobility of the sentiments that dominated his being.

That which does not exist cannot bring itself into being. There is no truth known to man more undoubtedly certain than this. No axiom of mathematics is more universally accepted as true than this; here and everywhere, throughout the infinite universe, whether in the realm of matter, of force, or of spirit. Like all axioms it is neither capable of, nor is in need of proof. We know it is true, because we are intelligent.

The soul is found in the place of contact, where subject and object meet. The seat of the soul is in the senses first. The soul sits in the eye, in the ear, in the tongue, in the nose, and in the tips of the fingers. Starting from the place of contact with objects as sensation, the soul builds up perception, understanding, judgment, and reason.

Mortality is nothing more or less than being swayed by considerations of the life to come. It is at the bottom, the hygiene of the soul. All the boons of life, all earthly belongings possess value only in so far as they sustain the life in

which our soul manifests itself. Mortality, as revealed to the world is but the observance by the individual of those unchangeable, inexorable laws, whatever their origin, the persistent violation of which means death, physical if not spiritual.

Absolute moralism, or a universe supremely and everlastingly devoted to moral ends is the grand basis of a belief in a future life for man. Mankind as a whole, must either accept something through its instinctive reason or reject everything. Even those that affect an indifference as to religion of all kinds, have really a basis through the reason of their belief. The human mind is naturally dogmatic, whether it is dogmatic theism or atheism. The belief in God, and a future life has become instinctive in mankind; because it offers something to each individual beyond what he has been able to realize in this world.

The sense of a universal moral order, and its unlimited claim upon the human soul are facts in the feelings, of civilized man. These divinations of a transcendent world, these contacts with a supernal reality, these feelings induced by a presence other than human, are underneath all belief and the mother of all faith.

CHAPTER IV.

GOD.

There are two kinds of beings; one, is the Eternal, self-existent, and the others are beings which He has created,—that exist by His will. The everlasting in existence is the ultimate authority for our conduct, and as such, it has in the language of religion, been called by the name of, GOD. The word God is one of the most wonderful expressions in our language. The meaning of the word, its scope and contents have exercised the greatest influence in the development of humanity. The idea of God is the grandest thought, which in ages past, humanity ventured to think. The more cultured people believe in the personal existence of force, power, and intelligence, in the abstract, and those who thus believe easily find occasion to communicate with such agencies. God's existence cannot be proved, but the idea of God is the essence of practical reason. The idea is so variously defined that we can safely say that every individual has a conception of God that is his own. There are no two alike,

and the idea of God among different persons is indicative of His character; for every person creates his God, "in his own image."

Emperor William, says: "God reveals Himself continuously in the race of men created by Him. He breathed into man the breath of his life, and follows with fatherly love and interest the development of the human race. In order to lead it forward and develop it, He reveals Himself in this or that sage, whether priest or king, whether among the heathen, the Jews or Christians."

There is something unknowable in or behind nature, and this unknowable, we call God, or the cause and source of all phenomena. God is believed by some to be an abstract, but abstracts are none the less true and real. The idea of goodness or virtue does not exist in the shape of a spirit-being, but virtue exists, and is no mere illusion or product of our imagination. Virtue exists in the virtuous, and the idea of virtue is a living presence which should not be blotted out from the ideal domain of the human mind. There is nothing divine in nature or in man in which the presence of God can be found as an actual reality. He is the sum total of all the conditions which have produced man as a living, thinking, and aspir-

ing being. He is the authority that man must obey, in order to live and to progress,—in whom man has to trust for the preservation of his soul beyond the grave.

From everlasting to everlasting is God, the Great First Cause, the Infinite and Eternal Energy, the Sustaining Power of the Universe! The thought of God, pervades the universe. In it, all mental and moral attributes, all emotions, and all energies, are harmoniously blended.

All nature announces the existence of God, who is the author of our being. It is unreasonable to suppose that He planted in the soul longings for immortality, and then failed to make provision for it. Volition of Will is the only unconditional universal power,—the absolute, primary, potential of creativeness in the universe. One of the strongest arguments in favor of everlasting life, is in the impossibility of conceiving of the universe as a cosmos, in its perfection, and as a sane and rational system, without immortality.

God, like the meaning of the word, is of too subtle a nature to be localized here or there; or to be found by an analysis of matter, or energy, or in the form of things. Yet God

is the all important reality of the world, for He is in matter, He moves in energy, He reveals His presence in the changes of form and in intelligence, and He is the significance of the world. We have been taught to call Him,—“OUR FATHER.” When we look into the blue of the sky, we actually see visible Infinity. When we behold the stars of midnight, we veritably perceive the mansions of Nature,—countless and illimitable. Who hung the planets in space and gave them their perfect motion; who paints the flowers of the field; who constructs the crystals of the snowflake? God! God is everywhere, and in everything. The person who deliberately says: “There is no God,” is a fool. We cannot conceive of a design without a designer; of creation without a creator; of law, without a lawgiver. It impugns the wisdom of God, to suppose that man, a being which He has endowed with such marvelous powers,—He created, is to perish like a brute.

Throughout the length and breadth of nature, there is economy of faculty and resource, until we come to man; but, when we come to him, we find that margin and surplus is the rule. He has a surplus of faculty,

a surplus of reason, a surplus of endowment, and a surplus of environment. He has infinite surroundings. Within, he has a self-determining spirit, subject and object, bound together in a simple and indissoluble unity. Surrounding this spirit, infinite in structure and capacity, is infinite truth, infinite law, and infinite love. A self-determining spirit, is essentially, structurally, and constitutionally imperishable. Through all the revolutions and mutilations of time, according to evolution, man was the destined goal.

"Natural law," is a new statement. It is the last and most magnificent discovery of science. No more telling proof is open to the modern world of the greatness of the idea, than the attempts which have been made to justify it. In the earlier centuries, before the birth of science, phenomena were studied alone. The world then was chaos, a collection of single, isolated, and independent facts. Deeper thinkers saw that relations must subsist between these facts. Their philosophers heroically sought to marshal the discrete materials of the universe into thinkable form; but, from the artificial and fantastic systems nothing remains to us but the ancient testimony to the grandeur

of that harmony which they failed to reach. To-day, in these laws of nature, one stands face to face with truth,—solid and unchangeable. Each single law is an instrument of scientific research, simple in its adjustments, universal in its application, and infallible in its results. Natural laws are great lines running through the entire universe, reducing it like parallels of latitude to an intelligent order. We unambiguously, express our conviction that, “one spirit rules all things,” and that the whole cognizable world is constituted, and has been developed, and governed in accordance with one common fundamental law of nature.

Wise men, in the dim and dateless past have claimed, through “Divine Inspiration,” to have put in words, this “fundamental law” of nature. The word, “Inspiration,” from a religious standpoint, means, the inbreathing into the mind of man this divine power, which guides, elevates and enkindles his acts to the highest and sublimest conception. According to Canon Farrar, the great English divine, there are no less than five well-defined theories concerning the words,—“Divine Inspiration.”

First. The *organic*,—mechanical or dictation theory. That every sentence, word, let-

ter, and punctuation mark of the scriptures, were divinely, and supernaturally imparted; that the authors of the several books, known and unknown, had no share in, and took no part in the composition.

Second. The *dynamic* theory;—it being dictated and committed to writing under the guidance of God. While recognizing divine energy, it does not annihilate human co-operation. The truths, being inspired by divine wisdom; but, the words and phrases are the result of the writer's individuality;—the spirit of the words is of God, the form of man.

Third. The *illumination* theory; recognizes degrees of inspiration,—sinking into the faintest possible twilight; or, may beam with noon-day splendor.

Fourth. The *essential* theory; as distinguished from plenary inspiration; is, that the bible contains the word of God, while it rejects, as inaccurate, the expression that the bible is the word of God.

Fifth. The *ordinary* theory; agreeing as to its being an extraordinary supernatural energy, subordinate to the divine energy. Believing the bible animates and awakens the religious consciousness of man; but attaches no infallible

truthfulness to its utterances; nor, any divine sanctity to its incidental and non-religious teachings. That each passage must be tested by its inherent consistency with that which we learn of God's will, from the revelation of himself through Nature.

The fifth theory is the one usually accepted by scientists and scholars in their search for truth. The desire to find and know the truth stimulates the investigator in his search, and he thereby becomes *inspired* in his work.

No person has any right to demand of any other person, that he shall believe in the divine inspiration of the bible; as every man has a right to worship God as he pleases; so, every person has a right to believe as much or as little of the bible being divinely inspired as his common sense dictates,—as it concerns only himself.

The great book of nature is always wide open, for all to examine. This book contains no errors. If we follow the precepts taught in this volume, we need have no misapprehension as to what the outcome will be. The law of Nature is but the still small voice of the Eternal God, speaking to man. Long before the foot of man trod this planet, we read the history

written in the rocks; this history tells no lies, it was written by Nature,—the hand of an Omnipotent Power that makes no mistakes. Unless we can trust nature, there is nothing in the universe that is trustworthy. This is truly a revelation written by the Infinite Power of the universe, and is not controlled by any creed or philosophy.

God bursts forth in the fresh verdure and flowers of spring; He lives in all the noble emotions of man, in the poetry of the poet, and in the energies of the scientist. Wherever there is an inspiration onward,—there is God.

Almost all persons who believe in a life after death, believe in the existence of God, and the existence of their own souls; thus being so fortified, they look forward with hope and confidence to a hereafter, and this is one of the strongest reasons for immortality, from a common-sense standpoint. They believe that God is just and will act rightly, as they would act or think if they were to act themselves. They cannot think that an All Wise Creator would create beings of such importance for a short existence only; eternal life for such, would suggest itself at once. A finite existence does not give time for the adjustment of wrongs and to

correct errors; therefore, God, who has the power and wisdom, will provide for his creatures, by giving them eternal life. That God, after having made man and placed him in this world, should undo that great work for each particular man, and add annihilation as one of his benefits, is not thinkable, from a human standpoint. A belief in the existence of God supports our faith in immortality; for to live forever without God would be an aimless existence, almost, if not equal to annihilation.

If it be true that God is the soul and life of the universe, if nothing is without Him, if the stars are guided in their courses by His wisdom and held in their places by His power,—if the tiniest grains of dust as they move through their orbits are equally moved and upheld by His power, if what we call “Natural laws” are methods of the divine workings,—then it must be true, that the secret of all things we most desire is in finding God.

Beyond all that the eye can see, that ear can hear, that hands can feel, outside of taste or smell,—outside of our native sense,—there lies an unseen, unheard, unfelt universe whose fringe we are just beginning to explore. Science, has lately snatched many things out of

this unseen land,—among them we may refer to the X-Rays, the wireless telegraphy, and many others.

Here, outside of us, enclosing us, is an Infinite power,—a power that was here before we were, that will be here after we have gone away,—a power that persists through all the infinite changes of its manifestation,—a power of whose existence we are so certain that there is nothing else so sure as that. The existence of God is an eternal fact; but man's ideas about God are various and changeful

The existence of an "Infinite and Eternal Energy," from which all other things proceed is self-evident. This power is what we mean by intelligence, love and personality. Or, as Herbert Spencer says, "I see no reason why we should not regard this power as being as much above personality as we are higher than vegetable growths." Man is the product of, and dependent on this power. In this infinite and eternal power is the law of man's life. In entering life he comes under its jurisdiction. The laws of this infinite power are the inexorable conditions of life and death for man; here, lies the mightiest conceivable motive force for con-

duct. To know and obey these laws is our true self-interest, and highest duty.

The earth and all that man can perceive, above, upon, and within it, the universe of suns and planets, and all the attributes of matter, proclaim the existence and the Immanence of the Great First Cause; the Infinite and Eternal Energy, the All-Sustaining Power, the All-Knowledge, the one Immutable,—Unerring God.

President Angell, of the University of Michigan, says: "We should never lose sight of our relations to the Supreme Intelligence. To trace His footsteps, to understand the work of His hands, to discover His methods in the creation and development of all things; is the aim of all sincere and honest seekers after truth. When we find these, we find truth. With open and honest mind, with loving and reverent spirit, we should search for the revelation of His laws of procedure, in our study of nature and of history. Back of all life, beyond the ken of microscope or telescope, beyond the reach of the chemist's analysis or the biologist's search; all are compelled to admit that there lies a great power, which in its personality no eye hath seen, neither can see, which hath wrought from the

beginning, which power we have been taught to call God,—‘Our Father.’ It is so far beyond our power to comprehend the Infinite One, that it is not strange that good and wise men who seek by their own unaided understanding to find Him out, should differ in their apprehensions of His mode of being, and His government.” (Quoted by consent.)

The human mind has never been able to resist the conviction that there is such a thing as truth. Though baffled and defeated a thousand times, in every age, in its attempts to formulate truth, it has never given up the search for it. Most people soon tire of argument, but we can safely rest on one maxim: Truth, never requires the sacrifice of reason and common sense. We all admit the perfection of God; and perfection cannot produce imperfection. Human nature is the same always and everywhere. Civilized and savage alike, acknowledge a supreme power to which they all bow.

The existence of an “Infinite and Eternal Energy,” from which all other things proceed, is much more certain than any phenomenal fact, whatever is the general fact of seeing more certain than everybody’s report of any particular thing stated to have been seen. We care not

by what name you call this Power, or, indeed, whether you name it at all; for any finite name must be utterly inadequate as a designation of the Infinite. In this eternal Power is the law of man's life. This law was in existence before man came, and will be here after he departs. Science is valuable as a torch in the hands of man to show him where to walk.

While science does not speak of God, it teaches God; for every law of nature is a part of God's being; it is an authority for conduct; it is a power which can be adapted to our wants, when we adapt ourselves to it. It is independent of our wishes and cannot be infringed upon with impunity. Man must study his own self; he must understand which of his desires are good and which are bad. He must enquire into the nature of the authority of conduct which prescribes duties for him. He must strengthen that part of his soul which aspires to perform duties, and identify his very being with the behests of the authority of conduct,—he must become an incarnation of God.

God is the life of existence, and ultimate authority for conduct. He is definite, and His qualities can be ascertained. His conduct cannot be mistaken, for His dispensation is every-

where the same. The utility of the world-order is real, its wholesomeness and goodness are true; why not call it,—God? True, it differs in many respects from the popular God conception, but at the bottom, it is the same idea purified of popular misconception to the true God, recognizing Him as the supreme divinity of the cosmic world-order; the Everlasting, the Omnipresent, the All-embracing, the Supreme Life of Existence, in whom we live, move, and have our being. Personal faith in God's guidance led the Pilgrim Fathers across the ocean, and established a free church in a new world.

There are no angels flitting between heaven and earth as messengers of God to men; but we are surrounded by helpful influences more efficient and more real than the beings of our own fancy. Man's soul-life, and immortality are about us, and are real.

Personality asserts its self-conscious aspiration, in endeavor, and in proposed action. Both together constitute a part of the functions of the soul. There would be no sense in life, unless there was a personality changing indifferent nature into a field of planned activity. The highest we can think of, is that which creates and continues our personality. We sometimes

ask ourselves the question, whether or no God is 'a personality of himself? Man sometimes fashions his views of God after the pattern of his own personality, because he regards God as the mould from which mankind has been shaped. The ego of man is a very important feature, but it is not the feature which constitutes divinity. Man's reason is divine, his conscience is divine, his comprehension of truth is divine; but, his ego-consciousness is simply the psychical expression of his self-hood; it is his knowledge of his being a distinct individual, and his distinctiveness can become divine only when his actions are guided by reason, conscience, and truth. Reason is eternal and universal,—it is, "God manifest in the flesh." God is one, in the same sense that there is but one reason and but one truth.

To find God, consciously or unconsciously on the part of man, has been the one æon-long search of the race; and all the religions, all the sects, all the philosophers, all the schemes of human invention, all the dreams and ideals, have been only different attempts on the part of humanity to find the true, the beautiful, the good, the divine; which means to find, God.

The three great heathen philosophers, Epic-

tetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Socrates groped about in the darkness of ancient Rome, seeking after God. So, the great philosophers of to-day are trying to find Him out. He is beyond our comprehension, and beyond our power to describe. If we could define Deity, or describe His attributes or power, this marvelous force we call God, would to us, cease to exist. If we could conceive it possible that this universe were governed by a wisdom no greater than we are able to comprehend, we should not be able to believe in a God of infinite wisdom; for finite wisdom cannot comprehend infinite wisdom.

The divine of man, his reason, his ethics, his soul, is predestined by the deepest constitution of his being; he is the creator-creature, moulded in the image of nature's divinity,—in other words: "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

The strongest consideration in favor of man's immortality is that it is an essential part of the order of thought; that it is bound up with the interpretation of the world's life,—that it belongs of necessity to the philosophy of the universe. If God is man's creator and sustainer, *his immortality must be and is the undisputed conclusion.*

We do not look up with reverence to the forces of nature which we utilize, but only to that power which moulds worlds, which fashions our being, and which moves onward in its progress of expansion. There is no reason to be timid when finding ourselves at the mercy of a power beyond our control. We are surrounded by mysteries, temptations, and afflictions. These conditions of life urge us the more seriously to search for the truth. We cannot make the truth; we cannot fashion it at our pleasure; we can only accept it. We must dig down to that which is immutable and everlasting,—to that which will be the same in the present instance, as in all other instances, so as to behold in fact the law of our being,—that peculiar feature of facts which we describe in law, the everlasting, the immutable and eternal, that which will be the same in the same conditions, is beyond our control.

The law of the oscillating pendulum existed long before Galileo saw the swinging lamp in the cathedral at Pisa. Electricity existed millions of years before Franklin brought it from the clouds on his kite-string. The daily and yearly motion of the earth existed æons before Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. In these instances the law of Nature was simply

discovered. The great law of vibration is just being brought to light, and converted to universal use. The people are finding things out. Kepler, did not create the great laws which bear his name, he simply *found* these immortal truths that always existed. Nature, reveals her laws in everything that surrounds us; this revelation does not create anything new, it only informs us of things already existing. Revelation, did not *create* immortality; but, brought it to light as an existing fact.

Michael Angelo's idea of God, as painted by him in his "Last Judgment," can have no place among thinking men of to-day. We welcome the idea that God is no person, but a law,—not a being adaptable to circumstances, but an irrefragable authority;—no deified egotism, but the omnipotent power of All-existence. It seems incredible that a thinking educated man should seriously put forward the belief that the Ineffable, Inconceivable God of the universe is fashioned in human form.

The beautiful hymn: "Nearer, my God to Thee," expresses more than any other, the sublimest and highest sentiments of the human race. We are in all things apt to think that our ancestors partook of the revelations which we possess to-day; and it is natural that we read